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club

75p

INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME NINE NUMBER TEN

THE STAR OF BBC'S "MARRIED" SERIES HELEN SHAVER FULL FRONTAL INSIDE

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AMAZING X-CLUSIVE NUDE SHOTS from MARILYN MONROE'S 1946 BLUE MOVIE

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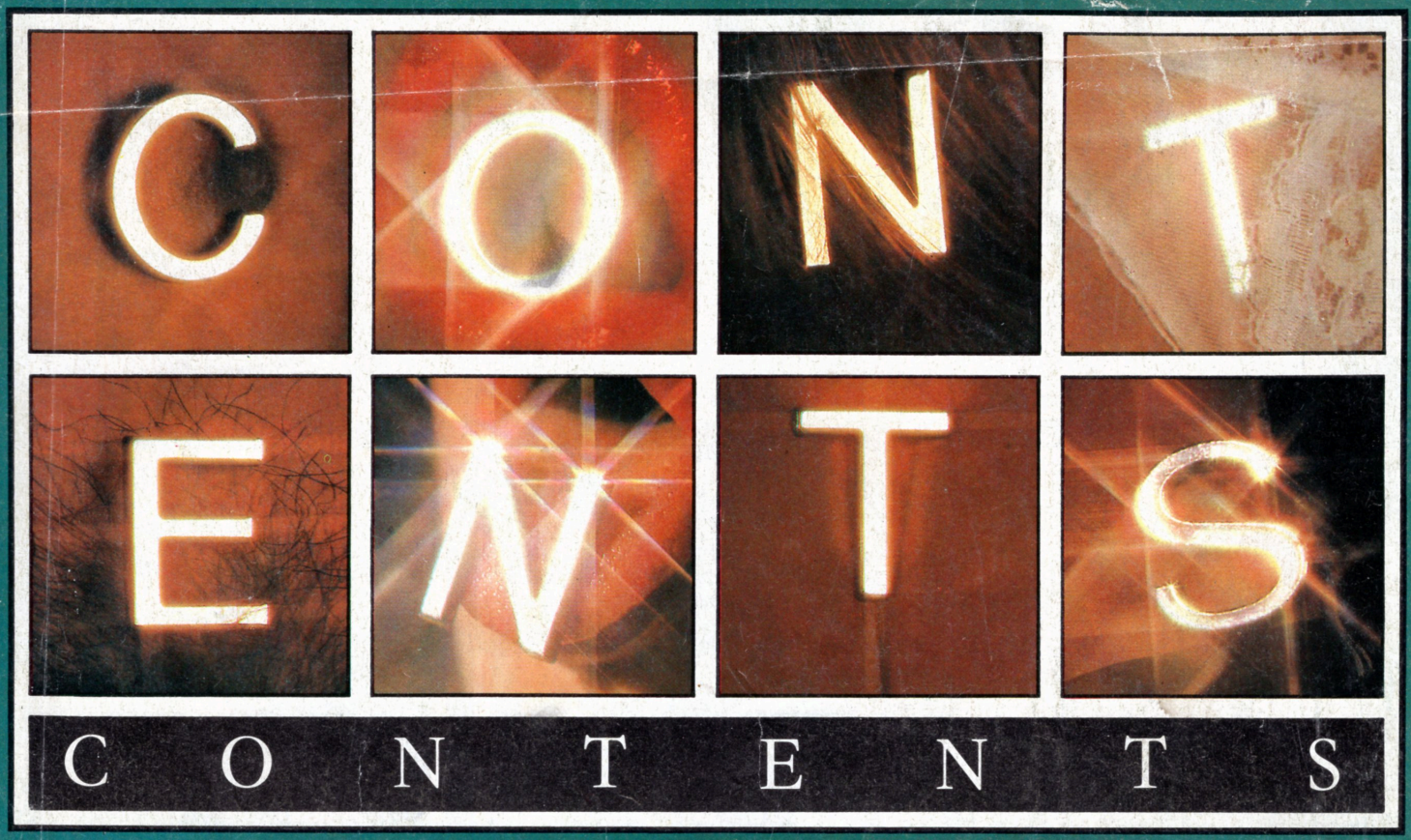

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Campballs soup cans (Lust, Balls, Sex and Punk Chowder), £1·50.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON NEWMAN

A few trinkets we thought might tickle your fancy, from the utilitarian to the bizarre. All available from Dilemma, 22 Thackeray St, London W8.

False plastic tits, to brighten up any dull night, £1·55.

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Red mullet ball point pen, 99p; Banana ball point pen, 99p;
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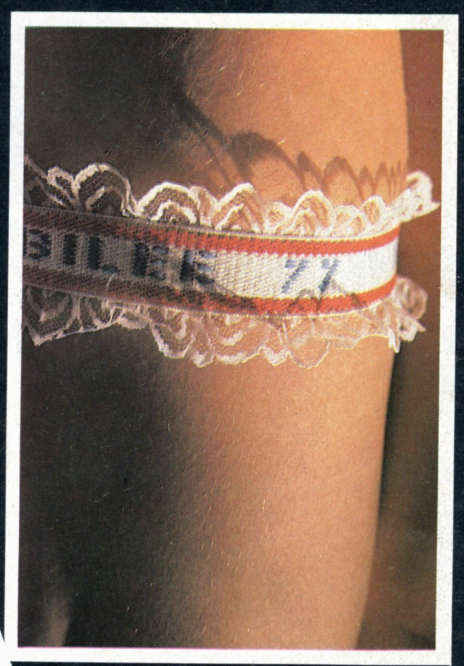

1977 Silver Jubilee garter belt, 90p.

in house retreat

BY SAM COMUS. ILLUSTRATION BY KEITH LANGE

It must be the dream of every sexually liberated man and woman – your very own retreat, styled after Plato's Retreat in America, perhaps, where *anything* goes! All you need are a few close friends to share the action with, and a mere sprinkling of imagination. The effect can be shattering, as they say.

Long about midnight two or three times a week in a private club I know there comes what is purported to be a phone-in discussion of the kind of sexuality that makes for wanking against the cathode tube. Always in the nude and usually two or three of the usual sexual variety sit and stroke breasts and intertwine tongues while going on about the benefits of swinging, taking an occasional phone call from viewers. Sponsored and participated by someone who appears to be a financially interested party in a local swinging club, the half hour both extolls the virtue of swinging and the delights of this particular club whose name shall go unmentioned here unless, of course, there is an immediate inducement to do so.

But this place and other similar retreats offer interludes of mixed sex for the singles and the couples at various prices and within diverse decors. But in this age of creeping and often galloping inflation there is more than the cost of loving going up. One is being told to conserve and save energy and what better way than to use these purveyors of televised sex as a kind of living, breathing, mobile sexual come-on.

So it was, remembering from stories told me of the early days of television, that I invited two recent acquaintances of the female persuasion and one trustworthy, long time buddy to come and watch a video tape on the tube one Tuesday night. The girls had recently arrived from somewhere but they bordered on suggestions of interesting evenings and it mattered little whither or not the name of their home. Both were budding actresses and, having failed to accomplish anything more than a walk on at a topless bar (for which they were eminently qualified but spiritually out of touch), they yearned for the more intimate environment of their home town.

These admissions were oozed out about three one morning and both expressed a desire to continue a relationship with me which was both touching and experiential in their co-ordinate techniques in ball busting, arse kissing, tongue licking, labia pouting, clitoris clipping, and oral and other nice seizures which were designed to contain and retain a modicum of respect for the acts of parliament not legislated in any country.

When it was suggested that they might like to accompany this fallen angel to one of the swinging clubs which are emboldened by bright outside lights and contradictorily barren information designed to shield the intertwined bodies contained therein, they said no, they did not like public displays of sex. Besides, almost in unison, this kind of expenditure for an activity they could perform virtually anywhere, went against a most frugal upbringing.

This led to the invitation to come and watch the boob tube with a friend and I. They demurred at first, suggesting that they were completely satisfied with our threesome and one more would only cause jealousy. They did suggest that there might be a singular reason why I would want another man there and it was with some small effort a task to convince them that it was their opportunity for variety which was uppermost in mind. Actually I owed my friend a favour but was sorry that I had extended the invitation, one which I might suggest he accepted immediately.

The idea was to have an in-house retreat, to beat the cost of the so-called private clubs (which, of course, really aren't that private), and to be able to enjoy the particular thrill and variety that comes with having sex with total strangers. I had thought of looking for a female stranger but thought better of it when I caught a glimpse of a truncheon in a handbag of a purported hanger-on at the local bar. There would be no way I could explain to this undercover cop that I wasn't soliciting her possible services for a price. So I settled for the four of us. We assembled before the set at 11 o'clock, warmed up by a presentation of some very badly filmed tits, bums and cunt waving, and the indelicate manner in which some lout attempted to convince a wayward miss from the boondocks that her bared breasts were the answers to libidinous layabouts and their otherwise secret passions. My two girls, whom we called Evita and Juanita giggled at this adolescent sex and Evita allowed that her clothed backside was more seductive than the bare cheeks in front of us. She was, of course, correct.

Now it is true, only the most naive would expect anything more than simulated sex on television, even a video, which through its public access aids and abets an anti-Sunday school masturbation technique which suggests it is better to spill it in the belly of a whore than soil 'thy hands.'

Nevertheless Evita and Juanita with my friend Pablo (who assumed this Hispanic name in his vain attempt to be considered a member of a minority who made it), were intertwined on the floor, still fully clothed, although Juanita had her hand through Pablo's zipper and was stroking his cock with restrained regularity. When he bulged high enough to suggest that his orgy might be over prematurely she, in a most sophisticated manner, squeezed him hard, just below the head and, using some of the learning she had obtained outside of her home town, kept him from coming and thus lousing up our in-house retreat which had barely begun.

After the amateur sex the reason for our being there came on. And when Juanita saw this paunchy guy trading tongues with a stripped, dark eyed, dark nippled young thing she turned her face to me and stuck her tongue out, which I started to bite. Evita did the same to Pablo. And we took our cue from the screen, turning the sound off so as not to be distracted by any inane conversation.

The four of us stripped, helping each other off with our clothes, careful not to get so far away that a tongue could not be flipped or a cock stroked or a clit clawed. This does mean we had to take our eyes off the screen for a short while and when we looked up there was an advertisement for one of the swinging retreats showing he/she, she/she and he/he bodies strewn about what appeared to be a badly furnished lounge or living room. We tried to imitate the strewn bodies and found that they looked more picturesque than practical, it being impossible to reach into anyone with our now tumescent appendages.

But the advertisement was soon over and the tongue lashing couple were back on camera. He was sitting cross legged and it was of obvious interest that his prick was flaccid, causing all of us to wonder about his potency or lack of same. The young girl's nipples were protruding and straining and one could almost smell the odour of musk on her breath as her pulsating pubes suggested that somewhere underneath there was a cunt yearning to be entertained.

We could not hear, of course, what he was saying but when he wasn't talking he was mouth to mouth with her and virtually at no time did he stop rubbing one breast or the other. We were doing the same with Evita and Juanita but it wasn't difficult to tell that our live ones were getting restless. Juanita wanted to know if they didn't ever fuck at these retreats and we were hard put to explain to her that there are still some limitations about what can be shown on film. She was not convinced and asked that we turn the damn thing off before she was turned off herself.

This was a command neither Pablo nor I could ignore and we thought that the pro-

Continued on page 12

Rothmans King Size

THE GREATEST NAME IN CIGARETTES

the best tobacco money can buy

1977
THE QUEEN'S AWARD FOR EXPORT ACHIEVEMENT TO CARRERAS ROTHMANS LIMITED

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

We still ma
it used to b
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We still put only the finest mature malts and grains into our whisky.

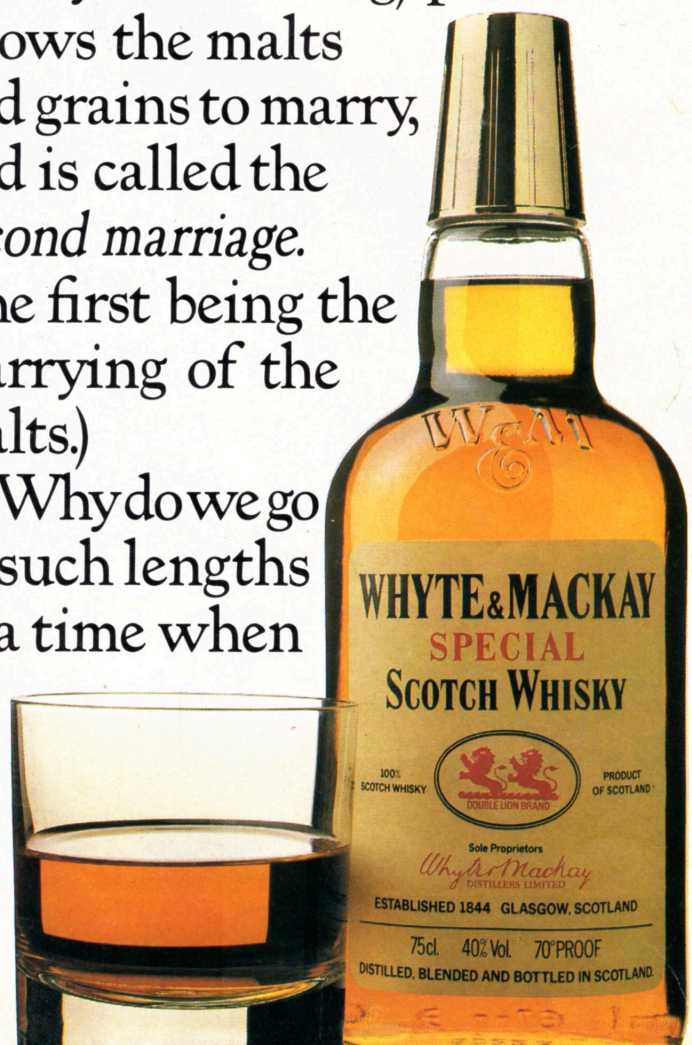
We still blend them together as we've always done using century-old skills.

And at the point when most whisky producers, as well as our accountants, say a blend's ready to bottle, our master blender still does something many consider financial madness these days.

He *puts it back* in a barrel to mature further.

This time-consuming (and money-consuming) process allows the malts and grains to marry, and is called the *second marriage.* (The first being the marrying of the malts.)

Why do we go to such lengths at a time when



most would be busy bottling a whisky?

Because there's no question this once commonplace practice makes for an added

ke whisky the way made. (Contrary to ountants' advice.)

smoothness and roundness.

So to make Whyte & Mackay without it would be unthinkable.

For us, you see, whisky is made by the book.

Never by accountants trying to balance the books.

Whyte & Mackay

Continued from page 8

gramme had served its purpose in warming up our friends (who, to be sure, were never cold to begin with). But what it had also done, and they did admit this later, was create within them a desire to innovate and screw in some kind of different way. So it was that I found myself probing into Evita who was wet and clinging with her cunt while Pablo had a finger up her arse and his prick in Juanita's mouth, who was holding my balls in place with her right hand. Who the hell could reach for the off switch on the television?

Between gulps Pablo suggested that we could open our own intimate retreat for swingers. But this would have defeated what we were trying to do, that is set up something that was not commercially organized. I looked at the couple on the silent television screen and knew that no matter how they protested about their freedom and interest in swinging, the guy, at least, was doing this to promote his place. This is okay and there is nothing wrong with making a buck so someone else can have a place to fuck, but that kind of public display is okay for those who like it.

But it seems to me it is a little like a convenience food dinner; it isn't that you can't survive on the nourishment but, no matter how many varieties are packaged, it still is packaged food. The public retreat for a price is something like that. The varieties are not infinite and certainly not intimate. But there are those who swear by convenience food and those who swear at them. But Pablo, Evita and Juanita and I were having the best of all possible worlds; we were having our TV dinner and eating it at the same time, literally and figuratively.

There was another advertisement showing the same intertwined bodies and this time we all laughed so hard that Pablo came right on the side of Juanita's mouth and Evita grabbed her water hole and ran out of the room screaming that she couldn't hold it when she laughed so much. When Evita came back Pablo and I had made a Juanita sandwich and Evita stood over us, attempting to figure out where she should go. She turned to the screen but the programme had gone off the air and all she could see were coloured spots and squiggles.

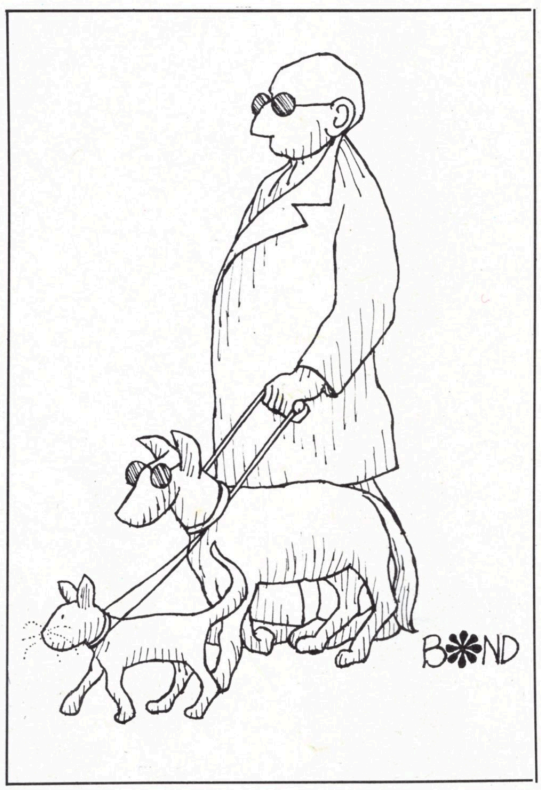
'You see,' Evita said in a kind of frustrated way, 'if we went out and you jocks weren't so cheap I could find someone who wasn't tied up. Now I've got to do it myself.'

With that she sat on the floor, grabbed a banana off the table and proceeded to turn it into a dildo. I grabbed the fruit and bit through it skin and all. While I was doing this I pulled out of Evita and she made a dive for the banana. Things got kind of messy and when we untangled the banana had disappeared and Evita had found a substitute for the yellow, soft fruit.

Pablo wondered, between chews, just how long the average couple stayed at one of the clubs. He allowed that he was getting tired and had already set some sort of coming record and felt like going. But his pride and ego wouldn't allow him to admit that he would quit. The question did suggest that there had to come a time when a couple decided to go home: it may have been the 'club' closed and they were saved the embarrassment of having to admit that enough was enough. But our in-house retreat had no such thing as a closing hour and long after the television screen went blank and all that was coming out of the set was a dry hum, even with the sound turned down, we bravely kept going at each other as if we had been the first to discover there was something new besides the missionary position.

None of us, not one of this group of four, would admit that there was an end in sight. Evita and Juanita were prone on the floor, legs spread apart and neither Pablo nor I had the strength to get anything hard inside, especially our pricks. Pablo did try to give Evita a licking but fell short of the mark and swore when he got a splinter in his tongue when he missed.

We don't know when it happend, but it must have occurred at about the same time for all of us. We fell asleep. My head was on Juanita's thigh and Pablo had his head an inch from



Evita's cunt, with some of the pube hair tickling his nose, which must have accounted for his heavy breathing.

And damn, did we sleep! We must have slept and snored and turned and twisted and I remember dreaming that I had crawled inside Evita like that science fiction film about the scientists who shrink so small they can travel up a blood stream. I dreamed I was riding up Evita's cunt and had anchored to her clit and was holding on to it when I was awakened by a scream. It was Evita and I had my hand up her crotch and she was angry. The first thing I noticed was that the television had come on again and there was this same guy again, but this time he was with two girls and each was astride a leg and each holding his prick with a hand. I realized, too, it was still erect, and wondered how this could be. What did not occur to me was that we had slept almost 24 hours.

Juanita was still on the floor but Pablo was gone. (I found out later he had gone home about three in the morning and it has been three weeks since he has had the strength to talk to me.) But back to the screen. I spread my legs and Evita and Juanita got astride each and they held on to my prick like the girls on the screen. The difference was that I failed to come to attention.

'He's fucking impotent,' Evita said, and away they went to the bog.

Evita and Juanita had some of their own personal things to do and we all agreed that, even at these private clubs, time was taken out for eating and performing some unglamorous bodily functions.

But we further agreed that there was a point and purpose to an in-house retreat. We could do things at our own pace, stay as long as we wanted or leave when we chose. The thing about the way we were doing it (and we felt Pablo would have agreed), was that there was no desire to impress anyone. Evita, who had been to some of these sexual soirées, also admitted that she never felt truly comfortable unless she had been at a place two or three times, and then she found so many guys who had no finesse or technique she just wanted to get banged and get it over with. It was this kind of rah rah sex she found so dispiriting and she liked it a hell of a lot better when she could come as she pleased – and Evita was living proof of the validity of the serial female orgasm.

Well, we had our very first in-house retreat and it wasn't bad at all. The cost of admission was nil and the best part was that there was none of this sickening arse-licking so that you would have to convince someone else that you were really a free spirit when inside you weren't sure at all. The four of us knew what we were going to the apartment for. And even Pablo, when he finally did contact us again, wanted to have another go. I wasn't so sure about him and thought I could keep him away but Juanita wanted another crack, so we set another date, and then, almost in unison, we said, what the hell, and went to my place.

It was the middle of the afternoon, which was another good reason for the kind of do-it-at-home retreat we were about to have. We didn't have to wait for any opening hours or wonder if we had enough bread, or needed any money at all. I had enough booze and wine to take care of us and even food if we felt like eating. The carpet was soft, the place was clean and air conditioned and Evita could cool her cunt over the vent, which she did on occasion. You try it sometime!

Even among our little group of four close friends, there was a definite relaxation which was noticeable as a direct result of this not being our first time together. We had already got the impressing over with on our previous jaunt, and this time it was strictly a enjoy yourself bang session.

We felt free to talk about what we would really like to do, suggest new things, old things, personal favourities and some downright damn near impossibilities.

But the important thing was that there was no pressure whatsoever – from us, or from some outside influences.

But there was no television video tape that we could use as a guide. The fact was, we didn't need one, and besides saving money we felt a kind of pioneer spirit as if we had graduated from university and the teacher had told us that we were now about to go out on our own. It was a valedictory of sorts and I can still feel Evita taking my 'diploma' into her hand and then softly chewing it to pieces. Even so I knew we had all passed the course.♣

The Virginian

Roll yourself a real smoke

A BLEND OF VIRGINIA AND OTHER CHOICE TOBACCOS.

H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Tracy

Photographs by Fanny

'Would you believe it was my mother who encouraged me to do a modelling session for *Club International*? She works in a newsagent's shop, and saw that *Club* was the most popular mag with the local young guys – then she said "Why don't you do that, Tracy, you're as good as the others in it." So I decided to take the plunge.'

We think Tracy's mum qualifies for a big thank you.♣

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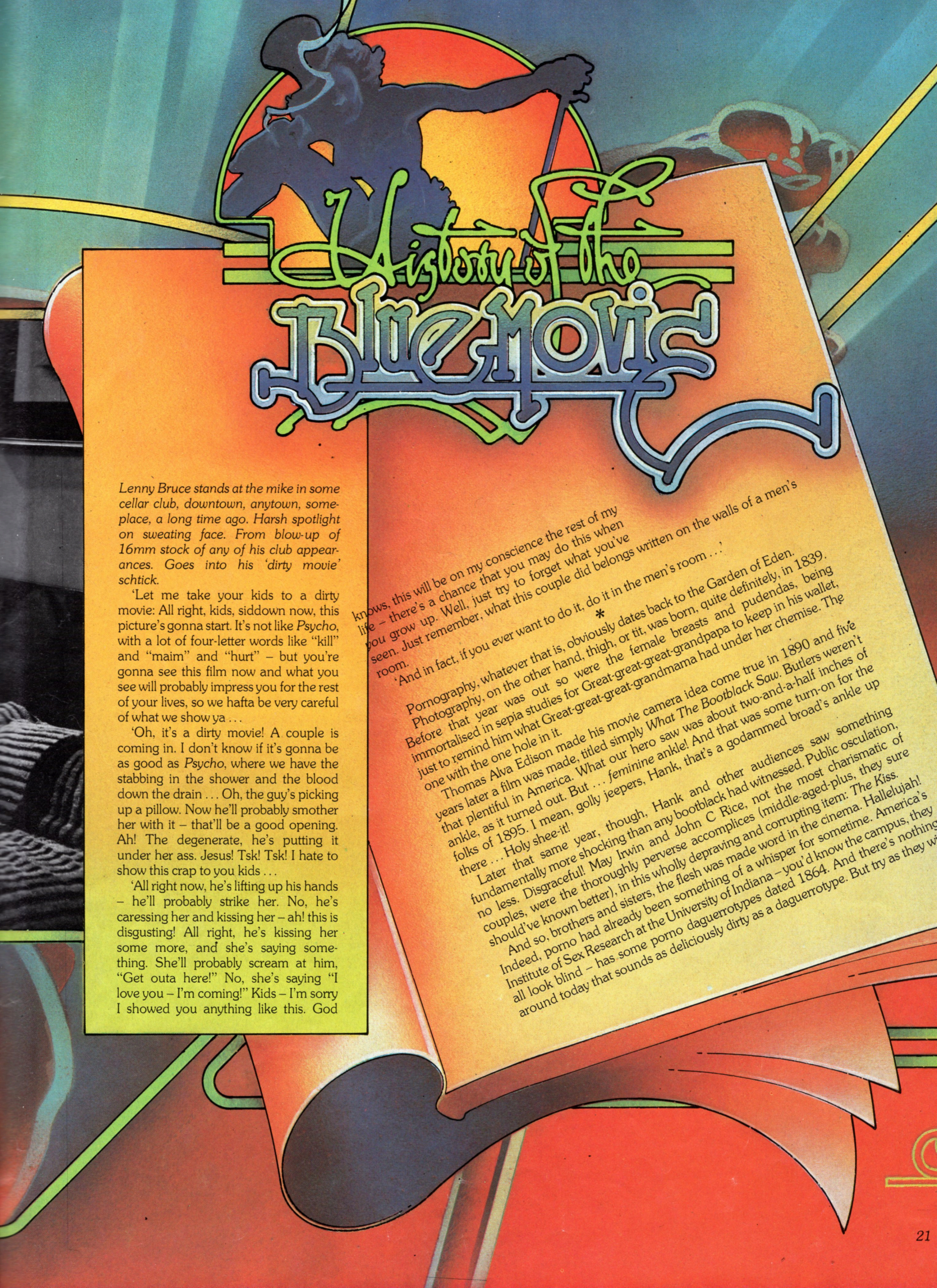


History of the Blue Movie

Lenny Bruce stands at the mike in some cellar club, downtown, anytown, someplace, a long time ago. Harsh spotlight on sweating face. From blow-up of 16mm stock of any of his club appearances. Goes into his 'dirty movie' schtick.

'Let me take your kids to a dirty movie: All right, kids, siddown now, this picture's gonna start. It's not like *Psycho*, with a lot of four-letter words like "kill" and "maim" and "hurt" – but you're gonna see this film now and what you see will probably impress you for the rest of your lives, so we hafta be very careful of what we show ya . . .

'Oh, it's a dirty movie! A couple is coming in. I don't know if it's gonna be as good as *Psycho*, where we have the stabbing in the shower and the blood down the drain . . . Oh, the guy's picking up a pillow. Now he'll probably smother her with it – that'll be a good opening. Ah! The degenerate, he's putting it under her ass. Jesus! Tsk! Tsk! I hate to show this crap to you kids . . .

'All right now, he's lifting up his hands – he'll probably strike her. No, he's caressing her and kissing her – ah! this is disgusting! All right, he's kissing her some more, and she's saying something. She'll probably scream at him, "Get outa here!" No, she's saying "I love you – I'm coming!" Kids – I'm sorry I showed you anything like this. God knows, this will be on my conscience the rest of my life – there's a chance that you may do this when you grow up. Well, just try to forget what you've seen. Just remember, what this couple did belongs written on the walls of a men's room.

'And in fact, if you ever want to do it, do it in the men's room . . .'

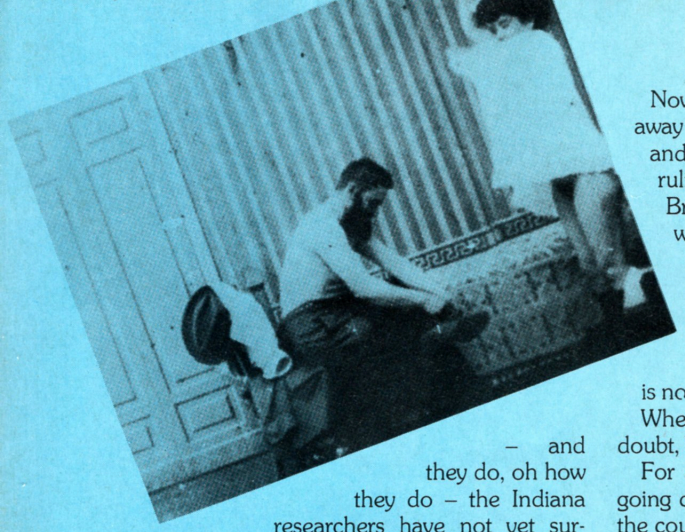
*

Pornography, whatever that is, obviously dates back to the Garden of Eden. Photography, on the other hand, thigh, or tit, was born, quite definitely, in 1839. Before that year was out so were the female breasts and pudendas, being immortalised in sepia studies for Great-great-great-grandpapa to keep in his wallet, just to remind him what Great-great-great-grandmama had under her chemise. The one with the one hole in it.

Thomas Alva Edison made his movie camera idea come true in 1890 and five years later a film was made, titled simply *What The Bootblack Saw*. Butlers weren't that plentiful in America. What our hero saw was about two-and-a-half inches of ankle, as it turned out. But . . . *feminine* ankle! And that was some turn-on for the folks of 1895. I mean, golly jeepers, Hank, that's a godammed broad's ankle up there . . . Holy shee-it!

Later that same year, though, Hank and other audiences saw something fundamentally more shocking than any bootblack had witnessed. Public osculation, no less. Disgraceful! May Irwin and John C Rice, not the most charismatic of couples, were the thoroughly perverse accomplices (middle-aged-plus, they sure should've known better), in this wholly depraving and corrupting item: *The Kiss*.

And so, brothers and sisters, the flesh was made word in the cinema. Hallelujah! Indeed, porno had already been something of a whisper for sometime. America's Institute of Sex Research at the University of Indiana – you'd know the campus, they all look blind – has some porno daguerrotypes dated 1864. And there's nothing around today that sounds as deliciously dirty as a daguerrotype. But try as they wi



– and they do, oh how they do – the Indiana researchers have not yet surfaced with any true blue porno movies before those of 1915. Not that there weren't any around. But Indiana researchers are somewhat loathe to leave the arousing comforts of their womb-like viewing chambers, and go back out into the world trying to hunt up examples of the predominantly Latin-American blue-reelers of 1904 and onwards.

These were made mainly in Buenos Aires, and, of course, Havana – where they had not only the sunshine but some of the most horse-hung studs in the business. The anything-goes reels (well, straight fucking; oral sex didn't show up until the twenties, and only came to a head, as it were, *apres* Kinsey in the fifties), were shipped to horny hands in Britain, Paris bordellos, even to Russia and the Balkans. The French, *bien sur*, got into the *act bleu* for themselves as early as 1907 with one mini-masterpiece which sums up the entire genre and its audience: *Le Voyeur*. Same year provided everyone having everyone, maid included, in *The Ideal Family*, which bred the rumour of the French being sex-crazed ...

To attempt to encompass the history of the blue aspects of the screen's sexual spectrum over 80 years, and throughout the globe – yes, Mandy, they even have nudes in Soviet movies – is well nigh inconceivable in anything less than a 24-hour movie. (Over to you, Mr Warhol). There is the true-blue film, the near-blue, the blueish, the boring-blue (Hi again, Mr Warhol), and the merely azure – erotically tinted, or titillated, feature films. Okay; but not quite azure like it ... Bergman's psychological use of the sex impulse, Fellini's childhood mammaries, replete with the large females this side of Chesty Morgan – if anyone can stand this side of Chesty Morgan – Ken Russell's masturbatory flirtations, Bunuel's black (and blue) satires, Peckinpah's Sadie-Max boots in the balls, Antonioni's analytical investigations, Chabrol's detached-retinad rutting of the French bourgeoisie, Vilgot Sjoman's putting the Swedish free-love conscience under the puritanical microscope, Vadim's fervid garishness, Armando Bo's theory of the bigger the tits, the better the movie, *via* Isabel Sarli's prize Argentinian pair, Woody Allen's delicious pokes at erogenous zones, Tim Burstall's Aussie honesty, Bertolucci's 'shall I – shan't I!' nervousness in subsiding the Common Market butter mountain, and Nic Roeg's cerebral horniness.

The majority of all this product is deemed artistry of the highest degree by international critics. The same critical coterie (a staggering number of whom are gay, incidentally), refused to discuss the once enormous growth industry of sexploitation fodder, until it blew it's wad overnight and became Porno Chic.

Now the Stateside critics have jerked off away from porno, awaiting the interminable and continually reversible US Supreme Court rulings on what is – or isn't – obscenity. Britain lingers in the same no-mans land, with the distributors helping to support their very own tame Film Censor, while lining their shelves with American hard-core features waiting for the day the Williams Committee Report will be enacted and porno in British cinemas is no longer a wet-dream.

When that day comes, it will be welcomed, no doubt, by punter and tout alike.

For a while in the late seventies, instead of going down, Porno Chic was fast going out for the count. The porno films – the few classics of the seventies genre from Gerard Damiano, the Mitchell Brothers and Radley Metzger – were continually being re-run in the theatres. And the courts. The rip-off copy-cat producers dropped out of the picture, unable to pay the price of legal appeals and possibly win freedom to show all. That was before the birth of the video boom ... What had become a New York business, Mafia-orientated or not, has returned to the West Coast – to the real home of movies, Los Angeles. Here, two men above all others were responsible for the sexploitation revolution of the fifties; Russ Meyer, the newcomer with *zaftig*; David Friedman, the promoter with *chutzpah*, running a movie empire which is the cornerstone of the history of nudity on the Americana screen.

*

And these are the movies we're looking at here. Not pukka Hollywood more-stars-than-there-are-in-the-heavens stuff, but rudie nudies, from leering simulation to graphic stimulation. The movies Nixon tried to kill. He inherited Johnson's Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography – and completely disowned it. The Commission felt porno was a nuisance rather than an evil, found scant trace of such films ever depraving or corrupting anyone and suggested that their prohibition to consenting adults be repealed.

President Nixon in a 1970 newsreel speech, looking about as benign as cancer.

RICHARD NIXON

'American morality is not to be trifled with ... smut should be outlawed in every state of the Union.'

*

So, he seemed to imply, should sexual union itself. The only congress he was interested in was in Washington. And that took a helluva time before realising *it* was being fucked by him.

For Nixon, it was a losing battle. The nudies had been around too long. Going back to the Twenties and a band of 40 pioneers – so okay, peddlers – of sex and smut. They called themselves The Forty Thieves. Not without cause. Some of their names ... Louis and Dan Sonney (founders of what is today, Entertainment Ventures Inc), Duan Esper, Willis Kent, J D Kendis, Samuel Cummins, Howard Underwood and Al Deezel. Never heard of them? Maybe not. But we've got a lot to thank them for.

Their purpose was common. (So, said some people, were their films.) As movie-makers outside of the Establishment's Motion Picture Producers' Association, they had no rules but their own. Hollywood, who had shown the way and got into trouble for it, both on and off-screen – particularly in the wake of the Fatty Arbuckle scandal – was forced to obey new censorship laws. The Forty Thieves, however, could flout – and clout – everything the new Hayes Office deemed right and proper for Mr and Mrs America to see on screen. (*Pan down the Will Hayes Motion Picture Production Code*).

The code read: 'The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld. Pictures shall not infer that low forms of sex relationships are the accepted common thing ... Passion should be treated in such manner as not to stimulate the lower and baser emotions ...'

In short, don't frighten the horses.

'Sex perversion or any inference of it is forbidden ... Sex hygiene and venereal disease are not proper subjects for theatrical motion pictures ...'

... unless you were a GI and need a salutory warning about what you could pick up from ... well, a cinema seat?

The Forty Thieves would have none of this censorshit cant. One even took a post '39 Army VD cause and effect film, removed all the effects, inserted more cause – much more cause – and released it as a nudie and made the regular sexploitative killing.

The Forty Thieves, therefore, shot and sold and showed what they wanted. They could make a buck out of even an implied fuck. And they did. They made what can only be described as a fucking fortune.

Business rivalry among them was cut-throat. Never literally. Although one member sent out mock FBI Wanted posters of a rival, and when the poor slob arrived at a cinema on a sales trip, the manager called the cops. They made their movies on a fairly repetitive theme: young girls lured astray, prey for white-slavers, drug peddlers, pre-teen marriage and other assorted ponce-like happenings. The ideas came from the Establishment. The Rockefeller White Slavery Commission's report had led to one of Hollywood's biggest hits in 1913: Universal's *Traffic in Souls*. Other top Film City empires copied Universal's lead – *Port of Missing Women*, *The Serpent of the Slums* and *The Thorns of the Gay White Way*.

The Thieves followed suit and went a little further. And, as in the Army VD film, the moral was stamped home with all the subtlety of a strepto in your coccus. Complete with the all essential come-on titles: *The Road To Ruin*, *Hopped Up*, *The Virgin Goddess*, *Forbidden Desire*, *Honky Tonk Girl*, *Devil's Harvest*, *Forbidden Oats* – America got its rocks off.

David Friedman, sex-film and video magnate, and Chairman of the Board of the Adult Film Association of America, sits in his suite at the

Continued on page 44

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From Lyle & Scott

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The first job wool has to do in life is keep a sheep well, warm and comfortable. And that's why a sweater made from pure new wool gives you warmth, character and value for money no man-made fibre can ever match.

You'll also get something else: the Woolmark, the symbol of pure new wool. It's your assurance that the wool used reaches the highest standards of quality. And, of course, that it's been tested for softness, comfort and warmth by the sheep that made it.

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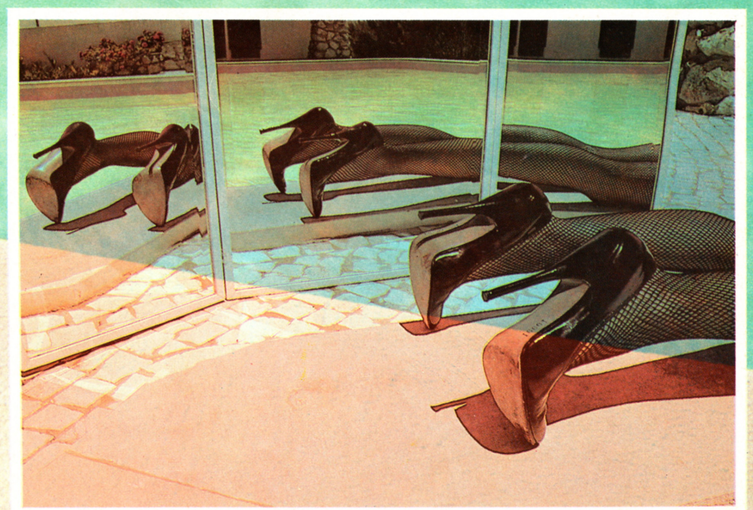
Following closely in the footsteps of the sensational *Bootleggin'* by the irrepressible Ian Potter, ace lenslady Fanny has produced a further feast for our readers who like the look of a trim ankle in a sexy setting.♣

WELL HEELED

Photographs by Fanny

Shoes courtesy of P Cutler Ltd, 95 Upper St, Islington



THE BLUE MOVIE SCENE FOR THE 80's

BY PAT SEAMUR ILLUSTRATED BY MICK ROCH

It might come as something of a surprise to *Club* readers to learn that of all men's magazines on open sale, only two and a half per cent of the number of titles in circulation were conceived as magazines *per se*, ie, to depend upon circulation figures – as opposed to mail order revenue – for survival. Now by the same token we are not suggesting that *Club* could hope to flourish without its advertisements, though it undoubtedly would: we exist in essence by effecting a compromise between good photojournalism and *scrupulous* advertising.

Unfortunately the sex business has never been renowned for its scruples, and the current boom in home videoporn is providing a killing ground for ruthless mail order merchants and sex shop proprietors whose markup on a 60 minute soft 'porn' cassette averages at 80 per cent. Conser-

vatively. In the words of one particularly swarthy Camden Town sex shop manager, 'I've only got to out one or two videos a day and I've got it fuckin' made.' The punter, conversely, finds himself £95 out of pocket and stuck with 50 minutes or so of trashy, poor quality smut with all the naughty bits (if, indeed, there were any there in the first place), savagely scissored. Rather like watching the Cup Final played without a ball. (PS, tried getting your money back from a London sex shop just lately?)

Frankly we feel it's in everyone's interests to steer clear – or be steered clear of – such hideously overpriced pseudoporn. Rather like stolen booze, one doesn't have to scream and shout or perfect a sales patter in order to sell it. And like stolen booze, good videoporn virtually sells itself. 'Snide' video advertising methods verge on the hysterical in their efforts to drum-up business. Witness (from *Park Lane* magazine): 'MOBY DICK – A group action orgy – featuring Moby Dick, the longest, thickest cock in the world (16½ inches)' or 'MUFF DIVERS', – A specialist 'O' film featuring F/M, M/F and F/F action. All intimate close-ups of the climaxes'. 'O FOR MEN' meanwhile, is concerned with devotion to 'cock sucking – lots of close-up oral action'. OK, so Adventura Films of Denmark will do you any two of these for a mere £90 ('add £10 each if Philips'), but as for 'intimate close-ups of the climaxes' ... come on, you guys, – Denmark's a long, long way from Forest Gate – to put it a lot less than explicitly.

Still in a knocking mood, it's worth mentioning that the arch-barons of world pornography, *Colour Climax Corporation* of Copenhagen and Berth Milton's *Private Organisation* are up in arms over their brand names being indiscriminately cribbed by UK softcore outfits. In the words of Milton (Berth that is, not the poet), 'Private Organisation has one of the best reputations for top quality porno in the world, and all the time I have to answer accusations that I am responsible for these vastly inferior British products – magazines, films, videos, etc – that are nothing whatever to do with me.'

Well, it's a tough world, Berth, and maybe you'll just scrape by despite this unwarranted intrusion into your business affairs. Clearly, though, there is an art in buying good video-erotica, and at the right price. A regular traveller to Holland, Germany or Scandinavia need read no further – he knows full well he can buy it there legally and bring it over the water to watch at home. HM Customs and Excise won't be over-delighted at finding it in the bottom of his suitcase, however, and we are most certainly *not* advocating a mass 'Nothing to Declare' job, though confiscation seems to be the normal practice in cases where 'personal use' can be ascertained: 198 seizures so far this year, 70 in 1979. No, the problem for UK residents is confined to buying the right goods at the right price (if hardcore's your bag), or, alternatively, buying top quality 'eroticassettes' of reputable origin.

Difficult. Or is it? In 1974 a jury at Birmingham Crown Court returned a sensational not guilty verdict on film maker John Lindsay, accused of manufacturing and possessing a sizeable quantity of blue films for gain. The acquittal created an absolute furore (as well as punching a big hole in the Obscene Publications Act), while at the same time providing said Mr Lindsay with an amazing source of lucre. For the films, having been found not to be obscene by a jury in a court of law, were therefore legal and above board.

Theoretically they could be screened in clubs, sold in shops or converted to videotape at will – with no legal repercussions. True, the Mets tried to prove otherwise – but how could a defendant be tried for the same offence twice? OK, so we'll come to the juicy details as to exactly how Mr Lindsay's films can be acquired in due course,

but first we shall support him by adding that he is no mere pornographer who has slipped through the net via a fluke acquittal. Lindsay, a firm believer in the repeal of the Obscene Publications Act, differs from his compatriots in the sex business in that he is a man of principle first, a capitalist second. Lindsay, a highly eloquent young Scot, has appeared in the witness box as a defence witness far more often than in the dock as a defendant, and during the era of the 'travelling circus' of witnesses, he has spent more time publicly extolling the virtues of porn from the witness box than from his office desk. Indeed, it took a shrewd cross-examination to catch Lindsay napping: when asked, for example, how he could possibly justify a buggery sequence in a film that had minutes previously been screened in the courtroom, he immediately retorted that anal sex was Ireland's nationally adopted method of birth control, practised nightly by thousands! If and when we see porn legalised, John Lindsay will have played his part by having had the courage of his ... convictions?

But John Lindsay doesn't hold the monoply on hardcore any more than *Electric Blue* (the video equivalent of *Club*, *Playboy*, *Men Only* etc), exercises the monopoly on softcore. So if you want the hassle of a trip Up West to sit in a cramped, hushed, deadly serious, all-male cinema club, then you can take your choice of 12 or more porno joints operating quite openly. John Lindsay's excellent *Taboo* clubs are probably as good as any – but it's still the same old 16mm set-up which tends to predominate. The superior quality 35mm (standard cinema size), films involve far greater capital outlay, more expensive projection equipment, and police raids – which are still prevalent – would reap a prohibitively high financial toll on the club owners.

Professional video equipment is even more expensive, and still not quite up to the quality of 35mm. But the acquittal at Knightsbridge Crown Court back in the Summer of Tom Hayes, another West End pornographer on a porn video-for-gain charge, is making many club owners look to video for their salvation – despite the prohibitive cost of equipment installation. In this particular case, Hayes – like Lindsay, no stranger to sex-related court appearances – appointed defence counsel Geoffrey Robertson to argue that there was no case to answer. He maintained that a videotape was not 'a film or other record of pictures' (as described in the terms of the Obscene Publications Act), but in fact 'a piece of plastic storing invisible electric impulses capable of being converted into audio-visual signals'. A senior BBC television engineer, a renowned expert in the field, echoed this definition, and Judge Lewisohn was forced to agree that videotapes were not covered by an existing Act. The tape (which included a memorable sequence of a whip handle being shoved up a chap's bum by an exceptionally rude young lady), was handed back to a delighted – if not somewhat relieved – Hayes.

Yet there is no feeling in 'The Trade' that the battle is won, that two significant acquittals in the space of six years constitute a licence to print (more), money. HM prisons still harbour a sizeable quantity of inmates whose cases went very much the wrong way, and at the time of going to press, Messrs Hayes and Lindsay still face another 50-odd charges under the Obscene Publications Act. Hayes, however, is as ebullient and optimistic as usual: 'My acquittal makes a mockery of the Act and it means that the law, as everyone knows, should be changed. As it stands I could, if I wanted to, show whatever I liked on video.'

But the problems facing a self-confessed entrepreneur such as Hayes are in no way applicable to the 'quiet guy' who merely wishes to savour the delights of porno/erotica in the comfort of his own home. The quality of video is lost on the Big Screen and besides, who wants to be a Secret Raincoat? Good video-erotica and video-porn *is*, contrary to popular belief, available for domestic use, from several reliable sources.

Undisputed number one in the erotica category is *Electric Blue*, which has improved in leaps and bounds since the first issue, when the

Continued on page 72

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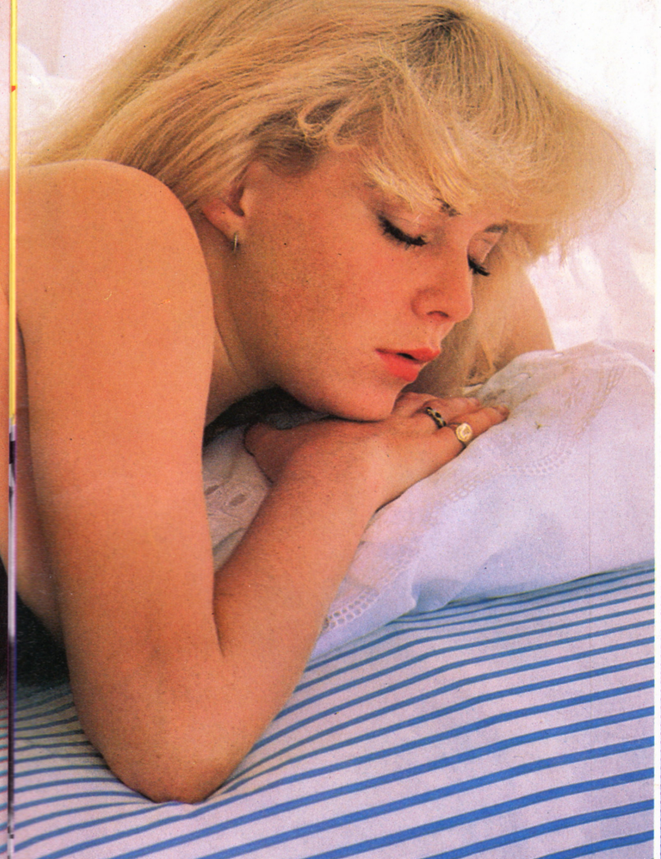
Jayne

Photographs by Fanny



The JVC guide

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JVC know about Hi-Fi. They should do . . . they've had over half a century's experience in electronics. For over 50 years they've gone on inventing better and better ways of taking closer and closer steps to reality in sound reproduction.

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The electronic wizards at JVC and Hi-Fi buffs speak a language all their own. Every time JVC invents something new – and they will keep doing it – there's more jargon to learn. But don't worry. All you need to know is that such mysteries as Super-A amps, frequency synthesizers, graphic equalisers and quartz locking, can all be translated into four words – "better sound from JVC". Let others take a degree in electronics while you relax with some music.

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G-R 550 – £550 or less. G-X 100 – £450 or less. Fi that's hi at prices that aren't.

JVC has made Hi-Fi simple. They've taken carefully matched units from their range, put them together in elegant cabinets, and presto! You've got the highest Hi-Fi without festooning your living room with wires. And without hurting your brain.

It needn't cost the earth

It's a sad fact, which even JVC can't alter, that the better the equipment the more it costs. However you can enjoy JVC Hi-Fi at a price even your bank manager would enjoy hearing. Inside the G-X 100 stack you'll find a Super-A Stereo Integrated Amplifier, FM/MW/LW Stereo Tuner, Belt-Drive turntable, a metal tape compatible cassette deck and an audio rack. It all adds up to fi that's hi at a price that's not.

Hi-er Fi yet

It takes real expertise to balance the components of a Hi-Fi system so that each unit matches the other unit and performs at its best. JVC are masters of this balancing act and the G-R 550 system is the proof. Apart from an FM/MW/LW Stereo Receiver and metal tape compatible cassette deck this stack stars an auto-return Quartz-locked turntable. Quartz-locked turntables get the best out of your records because they are *100 times* more accurate than non-quartz.

The G-R 550 sounds great . . . and so does its less-than-you'd-think price.

Hear it all

When you consider that inside the G-X200R's stylish cabinet there's a Super-A Stereo Integrated Amplifier, a metal tape compatible cassette deck, an auto-return Quartz-locked turntable and a digital synthesizer Tuner, you've a right to feel a little nervous about driving it. Yet it couldn't be easier to operate. The G-X200R has its own remote control unit that allows you to work the basic functions of the system without leaving your chair. You can turn it on or off, select the programme source, change pre-selected radio stations, even record on the deck just by moving a finger.

And the price? Well the best things in life are never cheap.

It's worth hearing a lot more about JVC stack systems. So whether you're interested in spending £350 or if the sky really is the limit, (JVC make systems that are even more sophisticated than the G-X200R) send in this coupon today.

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JVC

ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO REALITY

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Continued on from page 22

Royal Lancaster Hotel, London. En route *to Munich to wrap another sales or co-production deal. In the movie-grind business since the fifties and one of the major post-war instigators of the liberated screen, Friedman has never lost any money on any picture he's written, produced, directed ('I made one once on a three-day drunk – great film!'), financed or bought. Friedman, 'the great clown prince of Dermapixville' is the original salesmen who sold ice-cubes to Eskimos. Hell, he could sell Eskimos to Eskimos.*

'The Forty Thieves guys made more money than the major Hollywood studios ever dreamed of. It was a much more fascinating business back in the Thirties and Forties and Fifties. I dare say it was more profitable when you got flesh and tit than today when you can show a guy eating a girl's cunt. I have all these old pictures in the vaults back on Cordova Street, Los Angeles. They date back to the Sonney Brothers in oh ... 1924! We're the oldest established permanent floating crap game in Los Angeles! We've probably got a thousand titles down there in the vaults. Classic titles. *Forbidden Souls. Wild Oats. Slaves In Bondage.*

He goes into sales spiel of the 30s. Friedman is a Southerner; most American sex-film magnates are. It only shows when he's hyping.

'Scarlet headlines come to life! "See – for the first time – uncensored secrets of the national sinister vice scandals ... A timely indictment against the modern traffic in souls! More thrilling than fiction! Wild orgies that made a nation blush! Petting parties for sale!"

'Then, there was *Gambling With Souls* two years later in 1939. "A bitter indictment of girlhood's sacrifice to ignorance. The astounding facts revealed that lure the innocent into the white slave racket! It's a life in the raw ... Life stripped of its outer clothing ... A flaming drama of the consequences of sin ... This sinister menace to society is exposed in its true and dreadful light. Positively the most daring picture that has ever been made!"

And if it wasn't, the supporting feature made up for that ... 'Special Added Attraction See a real and authentic *Caesarean Operation* performed on the screen. Complete in every detail.'

Back to David Friedman, (still spieling), 'Then, there's *Paroled From The Big House, Marihuana* – with an "h". "The weed with roots in hell!" Oh yeah, sure ... *Wages of Sin* – "how do girls broke and desperate get by?" Gets you right there, doesn't it?

'Surprisingly in those days they used to show almost as much as we show now. *The Road To Ruin*, one of the most famous hits of the 30s, had a strip-poker scene ... down to bra and panties. *Child Bride* – now that's so good, I'm having it rewritten today as *Child Wife*, y'all love it. That had the young schoolmarm heroine being abducted by a vigilante band who didn't like her speaking out agin' child marriage and all. They strip her to the waist and flog her. And the kid, the child herself – oh boy! Strictly Nabakov! Bathing nude at the ole swimmin' hole with her teenage boychick cousin lookin' on. Great stuff!

'I'm thinking of putting all these into a compilation movie ... been working on it when I can between pictures and all these trips around the world to these new blue fields. I've decided to call it *Main Street Movies.*'

Cut to newsreel speech by the then American Vice-President, Spiro T Agnew.

'As long as Richard Nixon is President, Main Street is not going to turn into Smut Alley.'

We're now in the EVI vaults, in Los Angeles. Friedman is running clips from the golden oldies on a movieola machine. Zoom in on the wordy openings.

'We had what we used to call a 'square-up' on the pictures in those days. To sorta legalise them. Make 'em look as if they weren't just cheap, fast-buck exploitation pictures. Which they were ... We have this square-up on the beginning: "It is hoped through the showing of this great motion picture through the vast reaches of our great land, that the shame and sorrow of white slavery will be stamped out ..." Next week, *Child Bride*: "It is hoped that through the showing of this great motion picture through the vast reaches of our beloved land, that the evils of child marriage in the hills of Appalachia will be stamped out forever." Next week, *Marihuana*: "It is hoped that ..." Or if you like: "It is hoped that we make a pretty fast buck!"

'Well, that was the square-up. Always worked pretty good. The cops would be in the halls. "Looks like these folks here on a crusade ... Oh they're legitimate folks, I saw it right there – said it right there on the words!"

'The films had some other charming points. In those days in America, just getting over Prohibition, the most evil place in those small towns was the road house. The local place just down the road, right out of town, where you got beer, occasionally a little liquor and sure enough, if a guy played his cards right and got a girl drunk enough, he could take her out in the car and do it to her. Going back to the silent days, no scene of sin was complete without a Hindu oboe player and the road house.'

*

Other productions of the Roaring Twenties included such titles as *Smashing The Vice Tyrants ... Secrets of a Model.* And then, there were The Forty Thieves' secret weapon. The one-reelers.

Friedman runs a few choice examples in the EVI viewing-room.

'So, the square-up worked good. But it was impossible, of course, to satisfy both the police and the paying public ... y'all get what I mean? So the Sonney Brothers came up with the one-reelers. And they were relatively hot. They showed pubic hair and all.

'This is what they used to do. A guy would travel around his territory with the films in his car. All his posters and display bills. Just like a travelling carnival or circus attraction. He'd roll into town and stay over while the exhibitor played the movies. Then, they'd share it out – one dollar for you, one dollar for me.

'Shows began around midnight. Well, the local *gendarmerie* would be out looking for filthy movies, y'know. So, if the guy saw a bunch of cops were in, he'd run upstairs – clip! clip! clip! They knew exactly where the hot scenes were and they'd come out. And these pictures were all made so it made no difference if the hot stuff was in or out.

'So, the cops'd sit through some of the show. "Well now," they'd say, "this ain't too bad." They'd leave. Now to keep the customers from pulling the seats out of the joint, as soon as the cops left, they'd throw on one of these hotter one-reelers on the screen before everyone went home. That way, everyone saw a little snatch.

He roars with laughter; great gusto.

NEXT MONTH: *Part Two – Birth of the Blues. The rise of the sexploitation brigade; the earliest blues; and the arrival of the nudist films sowing the seeds of Russ Meyer's melons to come. Guest stars: Joan Crawford; Hollywood columnist Joyce Haber; first of the porno producers, Louis Sher; and, naturally David Friedman.*♣

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Now there's a cigarette that offers you low tar with a taste to match middle tar brands. And in an extensive research survey 70% of middle tar smokers sampled agreed.

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Liz

Photographs by Fanny

Some weeks ago, one of my boyfriends took me to see a blue movie—not one of those soft porn things they show in the cinema, but a really hard core explicit movie. I was pretty unsure what to expect, but determined not to be shocked. Boy, was I surprised.

'I thought it was fantastic. I'd never thought of myself as a voyeur before, but when I saw two guys taking turns with this beautiful black chick, I felt really horny. Then one of them fucked her from behind while the other stuck his cock in her mouth. I've never felt so horny in my life.

'When we got home afterwards, I tore my guy's trousers in my frantic efforts to get them off. We've since invested in a modest projector, and I doubt if our lovemaking scene will ever be the same again.' ♣

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As defined in H.M. Government Tables.

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BBC

CELEBRITY

TV's Helen 'MARRIED' FULL FRONTAL

Sunday nights on the Beeb were recently much enhanced in the boob region by the sights and sounds of Canada's Helen Shaver as the tartly outspoken and refreshingly sexual Libby Chapin in Larry Gelbart's *Married* series. She's our telly-wife of the year (thus far). Proof positive that all telly housewives don't need to be as carrot-headed (and minded), as Wendy Craig... Libby is a distinctly sexual being, 14 years wed and a mother of two and obviously not yet suffering from terminal erosion of her split fig.

In the show she's spliced to Beau Bridges, son of *Sea Hunt*'s Lloyd, and with a definite winning way in gathering the best flame in Hollywood close to his chest! Sally Field, Christine Raines, etc. The Chapins are free with their sex talk and past demeanours... not that Helen (no Shaver she), ever admitted this bigger-screen affair with the junior version of Butch Cassidy, Tom Berenger in the Canadian movie of Stephen Vizinczey's classic horny tome, *In Praise of Older Women*. (Well, yeah, we suppose she is an older woman if compared with the likes of Brooke Shields, Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol).

In the arty movie, Helen let it all – but it all – hang-out and flap about a bit. On television, she kept the sex down to erotic chat, among the ham on wry view of modern marriage, Americana style.

'One out of every two marriages in America fails,' said the show's creator, Larry Gelbart (who also started TV's M*A*S*H). 'This is about the one in two that make it. The viewers should feel as though we've been eavesdropping on their lives.

SPOT

Shaver

'Libby's a sexual lady, sure. She's a woman who maybe 10 years ago burned her bra for her own satisfaction – for the gestalt of that experience. But now she has a freedom inside herself and no longer needs to define her character in opposition to *any* institution. I think her sexuality is like that, too. She doesn't have to prove anything about it. But sex is definitely part of the glue that holds this relationship together.'

Married is called *United States* in the United States where Gelbart, Shaver Bridges and Co, made such a bold breakthrough in the normally arid and pap world of American television sitcoms that NBC toiled hard to kill it stone-dead after 13 episodes. Gelbart insisted on no audience and no laugh-track added. His scripts covered novel themes – novel for US television – and in a realistic fashion – no problems were solved inside the half-hour. Indeed, in some cases the running time was spent in finding what the problem was.

'We had this fight so many times,' went one of Helen's lines, 'I bet it goes on even when we're not here.' As with anything even midly innovative on the US boob tube (or indeed boobless), the show's time slots were switched every week; one night NBC ran two shows one after the other to further confuse everyone, and the resultant wake was quite a party. Good old Aunty gave it a better airing, all 13 weeks of it. Helen Shaver shone in them all... in what proved to be a humorous version, of Ingmar Bergman's heavy *Scenes From A Marriage* series in Sweden.

As she says about her TV Libby, 'I love her wit, her intelligence, her sexuality, her integrity, and her ability to draw a bottom line.' Amen to that baby.♣

PENNY IRVING

The classic Celebrity Nude we daren't overlook. The delicious Penny Irving who graces our television screens week in and week out, flaunting her fabulously sexy charms before the drooling gaze of 'Young Mr Grace', senile boss of the outrageous *Are You Being Served* series. How much more of a thrill it is now to admire her delicious attributes without the interference of television censorship.♣

The Monroe Blue Movie

The MONROE BLUE MOVIE

Marilyn Monroe . . . Everyone's ultimate sex symbol, made a blue movie back in 1946 that has become part of Hollywood folklore. The serious collectors among you will not want to miss out on this gem, which can be seen in its entirety on the Electric Blue 003 videocassette available through this magazine. Meanwhile, below, we present a few snippets from the movie.

electric BLUE FILM CLUB

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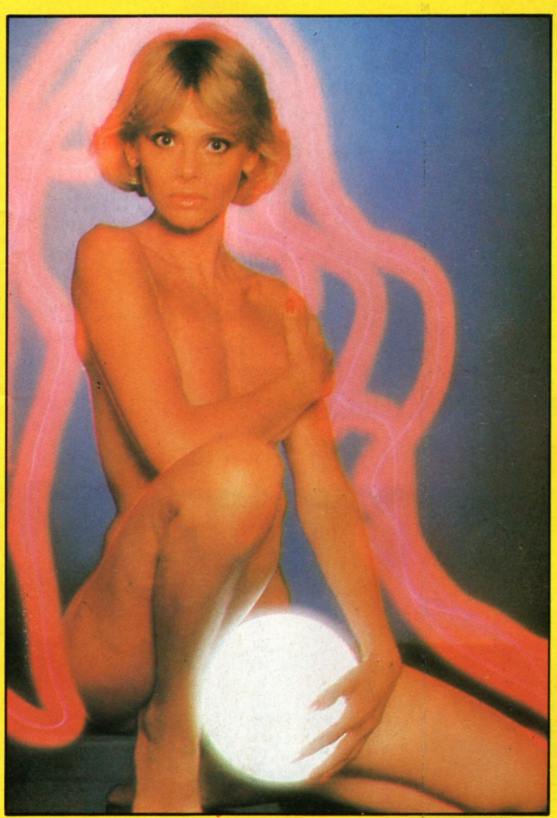
003 STARRING BRITT EKLAND



Starring in our £50,000 budget production this issue the fabulou seductive **BRIT EKLAND** introd 003 ELECTRIC B now far and awa BEST SELLING VIDEO CASSET in the country . .

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electric BLUE

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TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

Marie-Anne

Photographs by Rupert Daines

THE BLUE MOVIE SCENE FOR THE 80'S

Continued from page 32

concept of a videomagazine was entirely new. *Electric Blue* is essentially *Men Only* in motion – so if you are already familiar with *Club* and *Men Only*'s level of explicitness you'll know roughly what to expect, except for some pleasant surprises in the 'Celebs in the Altogether' Dept: Joanna Lumley looking exceedingly yummy and nude springs to mind, while Hot Gossip reveal their hottest of hotspots – and it's certainly 'Suspicions Confirmed Dept' concerning the vital statistics of those young black guys! Other gems include a fully naked Britt Ekland and a nude stag movie of Marilyn Monroe, a 'Nude Wives Special' featuring several surprisingly serviceable suburban slits, and a pretty tasteless section entitled 'Geriatric Whorehouses' ('for gentlemen in their golden years').

If porno's more your scene, we've already warned of the pitfalls of falling for bogus advertising claims. One individual most certainly *not* making false claims in this field is the aforementioned, irrepressible John Lindsay, all of whose films are now available in video form and on sale to the pornographically-inclined due to that acquittal back in '74. Yes folks, you can now change from *News at Ten* to zoom-ins on spattering cumshots at the flick of a switch. Twitching clits and throbbing cocks are seen hard at work in forests of stocking-tops and lascivious quagmires of lacy suspender belts. Everyone but everyone meets their cum-uppance in Lindsay's videos, it seems. Any slight semblance of subtlety is entirely unguaranteed – but the explicit goods *do* tend to be delivered. Those in need can obtain further details from: JLT Video, BCM Box 7477, London WC1V 6XX.

Electric Blue, however, is of magnificent quality throughout, due in no small way to a substantial reinvestment of profits in two inch cameras – identical to those used in *Match of the Day* etc. Quality has always been the hallmark of Paul Raymond's magazines and it is certainly reflected in *Electric Blue*.

The psychology behind the boom in home videoporn is significant. Whilst Super 8mm porno films have always 'been around', the hassle of setting up a reel-to-reel projector and pinning the old bedsheet to the living room wall has always had its seedy connotations. Not so for today's home entertainer: catching a change in mood at his drinks party, or exploiting a change in after-dinner conversation, he can – by exerting the minimum of pressure on his remote control switch – flick from the Midnight Movie to one of Lindsay's heavy sex scenes in a split second. Fingertip, debonair porno – enough to have any unwary guest choking on his Remy Martin. Porn has never been neater!

Yet one of the paradoxes of the video boom is the surge in popularity of softcore, a la *Electric Blue*, in relation to hardcore. Hardened West End Entrepreneurs of Excess will tell you that this is attributable to the public at large being as yet 'unready' for hardcore. Yet we are discussing human nature, not the ambiguous Joe Public, ie, if one's living room or study is tooled-up with

two or three grand's worth of video hardware, and one is not a quivering, asexual android heavily into *Spandau Ballet*, why bother tinkering with any but the real thing? Perhaps a lesson can be learned from that family anecdote concerning the girl in the skimpiest of bikinis, sunning herself on Blackpool Beach, surrounded by dozens of Durham coal miners from a coach party, getting stuck into their sarnies and Guinness and all but noticing her. A fairly plain girl arrives on the scene, fully dressed but wearing a rather short skirt. She erects a deckchair, sits, crosses her legs and starts reading a paperback. 25 pairs of eyes try to avail themselves of a better view between her thighs . . . Eroticism, then, has a million interpretations; there are probably millions of active heterosexuals who might well find explicit hardcore a turn-off.

While on the subject of which, why *do* so many of those blue film guys insist on keeping their socks on? Perhaps that's why innuendo is currently emerging triumphant over flagrancy! (In the Video Top Ten, which features all manner of tapes, sexual and non-sexual, *Electric Blue* is currently number one, with two of Lindsay's efforts at six and nine respectively.)

Yet another theory as to the success of softcore video – possibly the most plausible of all – is that it appeals to both sexes. Only the male of the species is intuitively voyeuristic, in which case the hardcore merchants are only dealing to *half* the potential market. Visually, the ladies require more subtle stimuli to get them going – which is why *Electric Blue* is compiled with a mixed audience in mind. Prolonged, heavy-breathing and buttock-pumping-type hardcore can easily create an embarrassed atmosphere in mixed company (anal sex close-ups are not *every* lady's idea of a suitable prelude to dinner, one assumes!), which is why – in *Electric Blue*, for example – a humping sequence might quickly change to an equally explicit close-up of that 17-car pile-up at the Indy 500: 'The race was started 7 times, with each new firing of the gun signalling more fatalities'.

And the future? If the videoboom has got anything going against it, it's that technology is striding ahead at such a rate that most high street-available hardware is already obsolete. Worse still, the consumer knows it. There is also conclusive evidence that prospective video system buyers are actively deterred by the retail wars currently being waged, for example, between JVC and Sony. Indeed, who can tell how many thousands more video converts there would be were the hardware scene not so dauntingly fragmented? The manufacturers have only themselves to blame. But perhaps this much desired state of product unification is not so far away after all. 1981 will see the introduction amongst other things of the videodisc player, its £150 price tag putting it in the same retail category as a good record turntable! Compatible software will sell at around £7 a hit – only slightly more expensive than an imported LP record!

No matter the future of hardware – video software prospects look really bright, if, indeed, "soft" is the right way to describe Electric Blue 003, introduced by a scantily-clad Britt Ekland and offering an 'electric centrefold' of *Men Only*'s top pussy-snapper Fanny, hard at work zooming-in on some of the loveliest models ever to have appeared in *Men Only* and *Club*. This voyeuristic fantasy is followed by 'a deadly diversion – a ringside seat for the legendary DEMOLITION ROLLERBALL DERBY featuring America's Savage Super Vixens in heated action'. But the undoubted highspot of 003 is the notorious blue movie shot in 1946 of the one and only Marilyn Monroe 'performing' with a certain product of the Coca Cola Corporation. . .

One aspect of the greatest craze since moog synthesizers were in vogue is, of course, the delightful prospect of manufacturing one's own hard-core tapes which, as director, producer, scriptwriter, financier and leading man (or, of course, lady), can be as explicit and unusual as you can perceive.

The expense may be slightly prohibitive to most of us as far as actually buying the equipment outright is concerned, but with the many and various rental and hiring deals now available with current popular suppliers, that is another hurdle which is fast being removed.

This cuts out difficulties so predominant in trying to make anything slightly pornographic with the old hand-held 8mm home movie kits, the main one being, of course, finding a chemist to process the damn things.

Well, no matter – if your tastes tend towards the garish, the bizarre, the erotic or the downright raunchy, there's probably something for you in *Electric Blue*. Video, after all, is the Electric Age brought into the drawing room, and slickness is a prerequisite of such a medium. Britt Ekland's tits? That's a different story!♣

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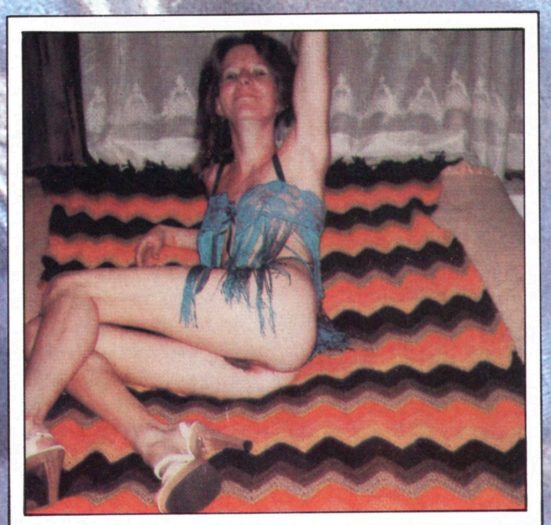
The Private Organisation

Dept CI, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7.

These pages are available for you to show off any object you hold dear to your heart. We pay £25 for each published item on receipt of an invoice.

We kick off this month with a delightful blonde who obviously likes to keep her tresses in trim.

Jack Miller feels this pose by his wife will send *Club* readers' pulses racing.



On the left is D G, who just wants to share a treasured memory in print, and promises to subscribe to *Club* if we show her picture. Bribery never fails!

Fun with the shaving cream is a favourite pastime with Lloyd and his lady, who he wants to share with the world.

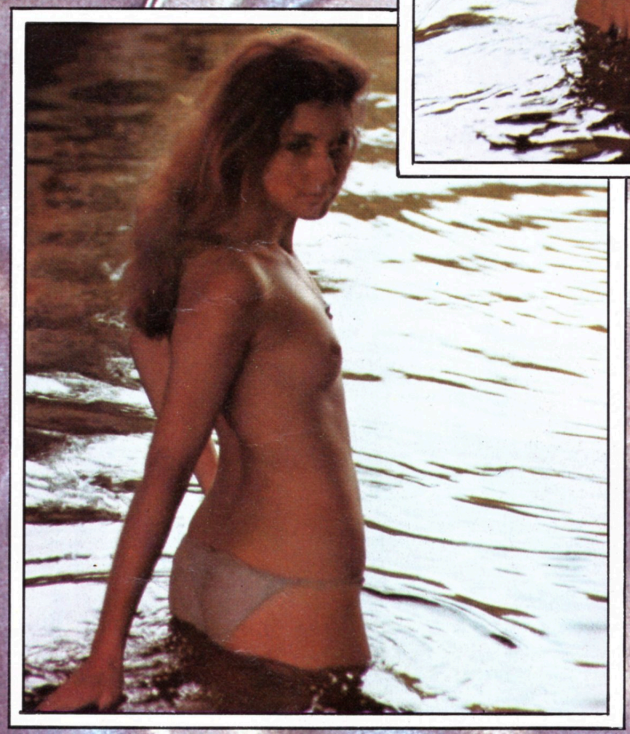
Above is Romana, a driving instructor, from Germany. Her pupils must have a hard time watching the road.

J Wilkes, you've won your bet! Spend the winnings wisely.

No name with these pictures, but a lady whose taste in footwear almost matches that of our own in *Well Heeled*.

Affectionately Yours

A winsome waterbaby, who can be spotted somewhere just off the East coast. Kay is her name, and she's promised us some more pictures. Wow!



Above and below, Sandy, who tells us she's looking for a good barber. We're stumped.

Below, the work of J J Baranski, a study of his favourite young lady of the moment.

Below, two fine shots, taken by husband Don, of the ample delights of Sally.

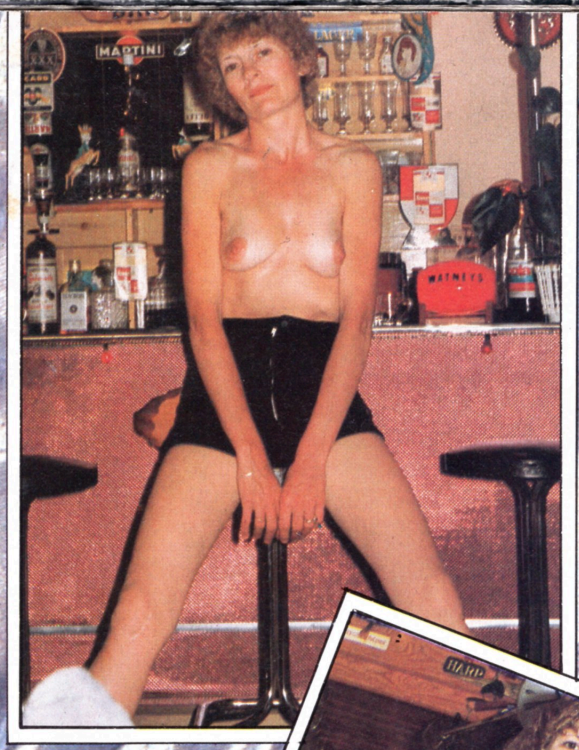
Some very expertly taken portraits of Janice, but with a model like her, – inspiration comes easy.

Len has sent us this photographic proof that he's a connoisseur of wine, women and, on this evidence, probably song.

We'd like to think these were taken in Britain, but this sunworshipper's colour makes us doubtful.

Above, the very voluptuous Maurine from Plymouth, snapped beautifully by her man T B.

Our thanks to Steven from Sussex for these pictures of his little lady Shirley.



This photograph contains the essentials for a good time – a well stacked bar, and a better stacked blonde – according to the gospel of our editor.

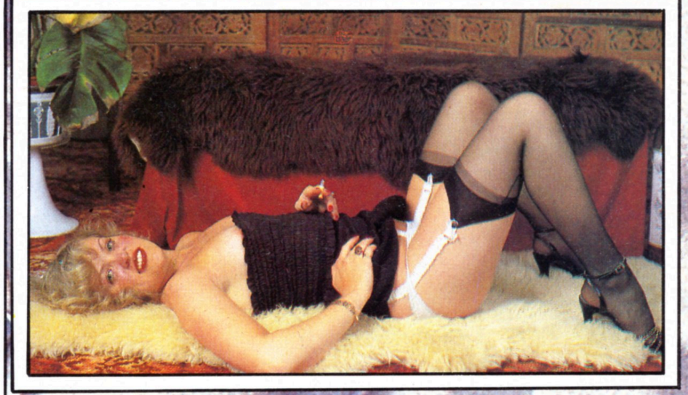
Left, two terrific poses from Tracey who lives in Nottinghamshire. The photographer was her boyfriend Mike, whose affection is apparent.

Albert Ross is the man to thank or blame, depending on your point of view, for this offering.

Right is J M from Suffolk, who wanted to be in *Club* as a surprise for her boyfriend. Surprise, surprise!

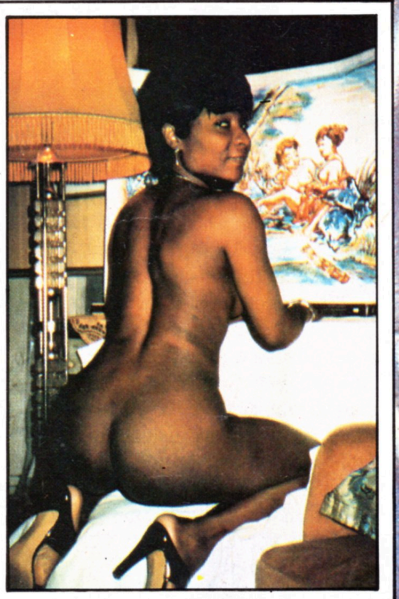
Taking advantage of our predilection for sexy undies and curvy figures, this young lady guaranteed herself a place in these hallowed pages, for which competition is fierce.

From Stockport come these two pictures of J T, taken by her adoring husband Ken

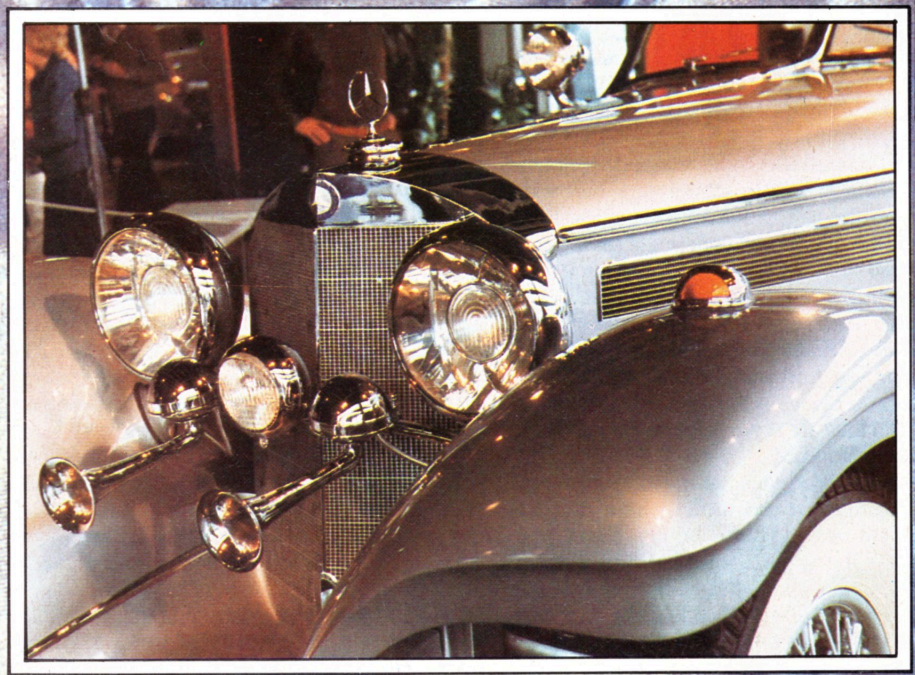


Left and above, the object of affection of G Pearce from Hertfordshire

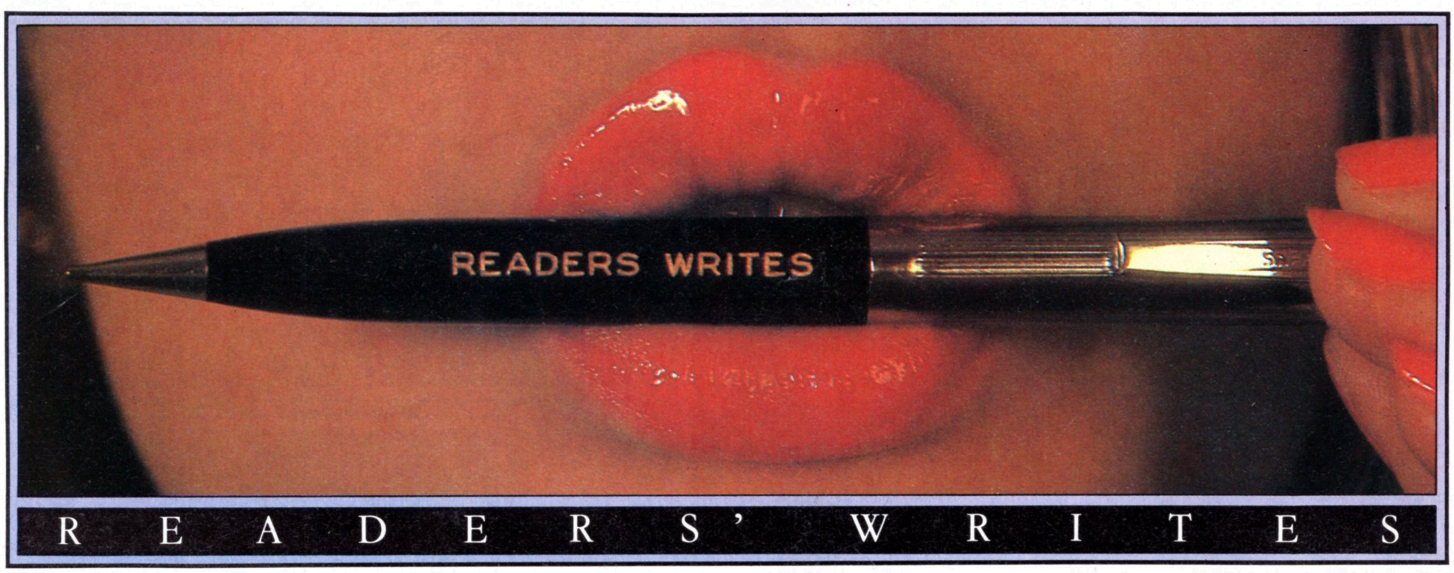
The above shot comes courtesy of M G, Herts.



The lovely lady above is Vida, who's all the way from Germany. So's the car below.



Another surprise for an unsuspecting husband.



READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Teacher I Need You

Sir: Occasions of sex have always been few and far between for me, and I am lucky if I have sex once a year. Therefore, I have to rely on masturbating and reading your terrific magazine. I also fantasise a lot and my favourite fantasy is based on my past and a song.

When I was a younger man, about 17, I was a randy young bugger. My next door neighbour at that time was teaching me to play the piano. She was long and lean and a sex goddess. I can't remember her name, but I would dearly love to meet her again. I lived in north London, but don't know if she is still there.

She had honey-blonde hair, much like Shirley Temple's. In those days, the mini-skirt was all the rage and she always wore them.

My fantasy took place in the living room of her rather small but cosy and very well furnished semi.

I rose and went to the piano, where she sat, whereupon she got on her knees in front of me and took off all my clothes.

She then kissed my prick and, with her very long tongue, began to lick up and down its length. She proceeded to suck me off in a way I couldn't believe. I had a seven inch erection, and she had the whole thing in her mouth, and still her tongue stuck out and wrapped around my hairy balls.

After about 15 minutes she finished and I told her she had to be punished. I tied her outstretched on the piano, and ripped off her shirt, bra and mini-skirt. That left her in high-heeled shoes, tights and knickers. Her knickers were on the outside of her tights, so I ripped them off and tied her ankles to the legs of the black desk.

I then began mauling her large, firm breasts. I got up on the piano and pulled down her tights until there was just enough room for me to stick my long prick up her juicy cunt. I was fucking her hard and my balls were banging against the seam of her tights. My legs were like another pair of arms, caressing her long, lovely legs.

After I've fucked her soundly, I start all over again! Ah, fantasy, all is fantasy.

There is a song by Elton John on his album *Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only The Piano Player*, entitled *Teacher I Need You*. It is one of my all time favourite songs and, whenever I hear it, it reminds me of my pet fantasy. I suppose it will never happen but ... Well, there's always next year.

L Vespa, London W7.

Glee Club

Sir: This letter is being co-written by myself and four other ladies. About three years ago the five of us started getting together over coffee in the morning and we started a little club for bored housewives, a very active and exciting club and one that I bet you will find a little hard to believe. We started out with just the five of us and now we have 10 other very active members and when all of us are together at one of our weekly meetings, it is just fantastic.

I would like to tell you and your many readers in this letter about how and why we started our club and what we do. The four wonderful ladies I will be telling you about are Margie, 32, Sue, 28, Sarah, 34, Jeri, 29, and I am Laura, 32. None of us are beauty contest winners but all of us are good looking enough that we are all whistled and looked at by a lot of men. We all do a good bit of exercising and some running and we are very proud of our bodies, every one of us wears a size 10. It took a lot for a couple of us to get to that size but we made it.

We all live in the same housing development and we all have kids in school. Our husbands all work in the city about 45 miles away from here. All of them do not work in the same place but they do leave for work about the same time Monday through Friday and also get home about the same time, they are usually gone from 10 to 12 hours a day. None of us work, we would, but our husbands want us to take care of the home place; well, when the kids are in school and they are at work, we have a whole lot of time on our hands.

We have all tried going to meetings of all the various women's clubs around here and we found them very dull and boring. Sarah, she lives across the street from me, and I used to walk the children to the bus stop every day and then go to my house for coffee. We met Sue and Jeri at the bus stop just about every day and soon they were joining us for coffee. Margie joined us, she was a close friend of Sue's, and the five of us hit it off right away. We would all sit around the table and talk about just about everything, but no matter what we started talking about, we always got round to talking about sex. It didn't take us long at all to find out that all of us had a great deal in common and that we all loved sex. All of us agreed we were more than satisfied with our husband's love making and really got off when they did it to us, but we all agreed we would love to have a lot more of it, most of us were lucky to get it once a week. We also found out that every one of us masturbated at least once a day and we all liked doing it. Another thing we found out was, between the five of us we had seven vibrators, nine dildos, one double headed dildo, and one set of Ben-Wa balls.

We decided to start a very special little club of our own. We would meet once a week on Wednesday morning at half past eight after the kids got on the bus and each meeting would last from then until quarter to three and we would meet at a different house each week. A rule was made that the only thing that would be talked about would be sex and all the ways to enjoy it to the fullest, it would also be a rule that all of our meetings would be held in the nude. The first meeting was held at my house the next week. Everyone was there by quarter to nine and I took them down to our reception room where I had a big table set up with five chairs around it, and the lights turned down very low to make it seem like night time and very cosy. We all stripped down in front of each other, and sat down at the table. I must admit that seeing all the different but beautiful naked bodies of my lady friends excited me more then a little bit. We decided we would start by taking turns telling about all our sex experience before marriage.

Since I was the host, I was to start it off. At first I was a little embarrassed, but once I got started talking I really got into it and really told the story of the loss of my cherry at the age of 16 to my 18-year-old boyfriend in great detail. It took me about 15 minutes to tell it and when I finished, I wasn't the only one breathing a little hard. I won't go into all the stories of how everybody lost their cherries, but I will tell you

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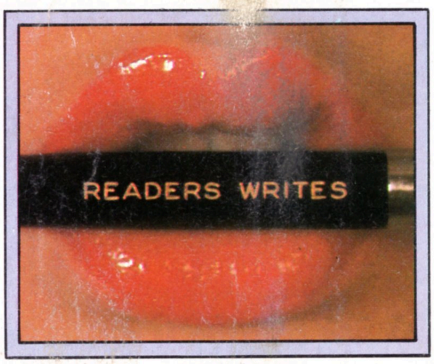

that there was not one lady sitting at the table who was still a virgin on their seventeenth birthday. All of the stories they told were very good and exciting, and I don't think there was a dry pussy at the table. We went up and had lunch, naked, and we took a few bottles of wine back to the table with us. I got out a few copies of your magazine and we took turns reading aloud the letters in your column, this was very exciting for all of us.

There was one letter that obviously got all of us squirming in our seats. It was from a man telling about watching his wife making it with another woman, it was a very well done letter and very exciting and would have made anybody hot and horny. None of us had said anything about having sex with another woman but all of us had said something about having some kind of experience of one kind or another with a girl friend when we were teenagers, like a good close look at each other's body, a feel of a breast, a kiss, but nothing more. We got to talking about making it with another woman and we got very hot talking about it. I think if just one girl had made a move to touch or kiss, all of us would have joined in, but nobody tried.

We had finished about three bottles of wine and we were all feeling fine and I know we were all feeling horny. We started talking about the next meeting and it was decided it would be at Margie's house and that each one of us would bring along a bottle of wine and their favourite sex toy, the one used the most, and we would each give a demonstration of our favourite way to masturbate in front of everyone. We broke the meeting up and we all dressed. As soon as they were gone I ran to my bedroom, undressing as I went, got my nine inch long and thick black dildo out of the bottom of my night stand and slid every inch of it into my sopping wet cunt and started fucking the hell out of myself as I rubbed and pinched my hard throbbing clit with my other hand. It only took a couple of good hard strokes with the dildo to get my pussy gushing with a wild and very wonderful and wet climax, it was just great.

The week seemed to just drag by, I guess because I was looking forward so much to Wednesday, so was Sarah. It finally did get here and Sarah and I walked up to Margie's together. We dressed very light, a blouse and a skirt and shoes and that was it except for the bag we both carried with our bottle of wine and I had my big black dildo and she had a 10 incher that had a lot of little bumps and ridges on it. When we got there she let us in and she and Sue were already naked. We took off our things and hung them in the closet and by the time we did that Jeri was there and very soon naked as we were. Margie took us up to her bedroom where she had a couple of chairs, about half a dozen very large pillows and a beautiful king-size bed. One wall was mirrored from the floor all the way up, it was a very big and beautiful room. She told us that by the next time we had the meeting at her place she would have mirrors above the bed.

I told Margie that she would have to go first and put on a show for us because I had to go first when I was the host. She said that was fine with her, and told all of us to make ourselves comfortable on the pillows that were around the foot of the bed. We did as she asked and as we all settled down we were, for the first time, having our naked bodies touched by one another. We were sitting very close and the feel of Jeri's soft warm thigh on one of mine, and Sarah's on the other was very exciting to me. We watched as Margie sat on the edge of the bed facing us. She started out by cupping her trimmed cunt in one hand and one of her small but full shaped breasts in the other. She started squeezing her breast and nipple and it grew to a very long and thick, very suckable looking nipple. Soon she put both hands to her cunt and spread her thick and long lips to reveal her smaller pink inner lips and a large and long clit that you could almost see throbbing. Then she started running a long finger back and forth across it as her eyes closed and her mouth opened. None of us could take our eyes off of her and I, for one, could feel the juice in my own cunt start to boil.

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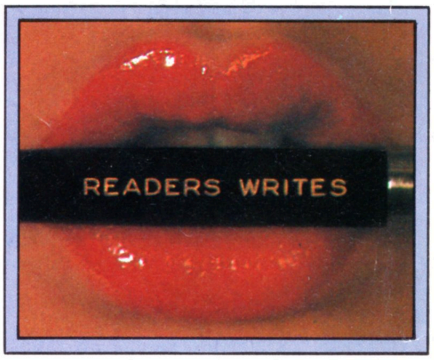

She reached back on the bed and picked up one of those 18 inch double headed dildos and started stuffing it into her very wet hole. She lay back on the bed as she pushed the dildo in and put both feet up on the edge of the bed and started using both hands to push it in. All we could see were her legs and her tiny pinkish brown bum and her sopping cunt being filled with the rubber dildo. I could hardly believe how much of it she got into her, much more than half of it was in her when she started to pump it in and out. She started out real slow but soon it was just flying in and out of her and her other hand started playing hell with her clit. We could hear the sloppy squishing sound it was making in her hole and you could hear the moans of pleasure coming out of her mouth as she kept working on herself.

As I watched her, my cunt was burning and I could feel my juice running out and down the crack of my bum. I wanted to shove my hand between my legs and fill my own cunt with my fingers and pull and pinch my throbbing clit. I was in such a state, even my nipples were hard and throbbing. I just couldn't believe how excited my whole body was, I was tingling all over. I looked at Sue and her hand was between her legs, just squeezing her whole pussy. Jeri was just sitting there running one finger around her hard nipple and pinching it every once in a while, Sarah was playing with herself, just slowly running one finger across her clit. When I saw that, I went right to my cunt and pushed three fingers as deep into my wet hole as I could get them, sitting like I was.

I was just about to get off when Margie started bucking her bum high in the air and screaming that she was coming, she took her hips high in the air and shoved almost all of that long dildo into her and held herself there until she let out a loud and long sigh, and a moan that let all of us know she was having a very good cum. I think Sarah also came and I know I just about did. It was a fantastic show and we all loved it.

Margie got off the bed and got down on the pillows with us and Sue got up and got on the bed. Sue is very pretty and very fair, she has light blonde hair and pale blue eyes, and the hair on her pussy is so light and fine you have to look real close to see it, at first sight you would think she didn't have any. She put on a show much like the one Margie did, but she used a 10 inch vibrator. She didn't make all the sexy sounds that Margie had made but she sure could move her hips. Sarah leaned over and said to me, 'I bet her husband has to strap himself on her to keep on top of her.'

All of us were sitting their playing with ourselves as we watched her. For some reason we all seemed much more at ease after Margie had finished and we all saw that we were turned on and excited and we all played with ourselves. As we watched Sue we were more open and active about getting ourselves off. When she finished it was Jeri's turn. Now Jeri is the wild, crazy, sexy one of our bunch, she has long black hair which comes down to her hips, it is really thick and always shines. She has very large dark eyes and she always wears these big glasses, she has a fine looking body with a kind of boyish look about it, her breasts are small and very firm and they shake and quiver like jelly. She has a nice firm, tight little bum that really sticks out. She is always doing something crazy and we were looking forward to what she was going to do, we just knew it would be something wild and we were not wrong.

She sat on the bed and took a very small dildo out of her bag. She put her hand between her legs and started rubbing her pussy and sucking on the dildo, she sucked the thing like it was a real cock and I said to Sarah, 'If she sucks her husband like that, I bet he comes very fast, and very much.' Soon she stopped that and took a bottle of baby oil out of her bag and covered the dildo with it, she then lay back and put both feet up on the edge of the bed, let them fall wide apart and with one hand she pulled the cheek of one side of her bum apart as wide as she could and with the other hand she slid the small dildo into her cunt with one slow push and it went all the way in with ease. She started to slowly fuck

herself in her snatch and playing with her clit, and talking out loud, saying, 'oh yes baby, oh yes baby, you know how to fuck my cunt, you sure do, you can really fuck,' and a whole lot of other things like that.

We were all looking at that dildo going in and out of that tight little hole of hers and what she was saying and the way she was saying it was about to make all of us explode. I never thought I could get as hot as I was getting then, by just watching and hearing something like she was doing but I was, I was burning up. My clit was hard, long, and throbbing and my finger was moving around and around it. I was leaning back on one hand with my legs spread, Sarah was right beside me in the same way, we were kind of leaning against each other's shoulder. I could hear her breathing hard and I am sure she could hear me. Sarah said to me, 'Damn that looks so sexy, I just love it when Carl (her husband), fucks me that way.'

I turned to tell her that I also loved it and when I did, she had moved up some and I was looking straight at one of her very large thick nipples. I just froze looking at it, it was close enough to my mouth, I could have stuck out my tongue and licked it. Her whole breast looked so soft and smooth and white and lovely and I knew for sure then I wanted very much to touch it and hold it in my hand and kiss and even suck it. When I looked up she was looking down at me looking at her breast, she smiled at me and said, 'Go ahead Laura, suck it for me will you please?' I just leaned a bit and took her sweet nipple into my mouth and started sucking on it like a baby, and I came, oh did I come, as I sucked her beautiful nipple.

I had no idea that sucking another woman's breast could feel so wonderful. Sarah lay all the way down on the pillows and I turned on my side to keep up my sucking. I put my other hand on her other breast and started squeezing it and squeezing her nipple between my fingers. I loved to have my breast sucked and played with in the same way so I thought she would like it also, she did, she put her hand on my head and started running her fingers through my hair and she was softly saying to me, 'I was hoping this would happen, you don't know how much I have thought about you doing this to me and how much I want to do the same thing to you, even more if you want me to, ever since the first meeting, no, before that I even thought about it, it feels so good Laura, you suck my nipple so good.'

As I sucked and licked her nipples I was thinking to myself, this is wonderful, I wish it had happened a long time ago. I was going to tell her, when my mouth wasn't full, about how many times I masturbated while thinking about doing something like this to her. I heard somebody moan really loud and that's when I remembered there were three other ladies there. I looked up to see that Jeri had taken the dildo out of herself and now had a much bigger one going in and out of her very wet cunt. Then I looked over to where Sue and Margie had been sitting and what I saw made me feel even better. Sue was leaning across Margie's belly, she was lying down. Margie's legs were spread wide and pulled back a little and Sue was pushing that big 10 inch vibrator in and out of Margie's hole with one hand and rubbing the hell out of her hard swollen clit with the other. Margie had one hand up under Sue's arm squeezing her breast and Margie was moaning and almost yelling for her to keep on fucking her.

After seeing this I said to myself, well, it looks like the lid is off now and this most likely will be our last meeting so I think I will just make the best of it and find out how much I am going to like sex with another woman. I went back to sucking on Sarah's nipple but I started running my hand all over her body, she was also running her hand all up and down my back and squeezing the cheeks of my arse. I ran my hand over her belly and down over her soft thighs, inside and out. She felt so wonderful, so soft, smooth, and warm I couldn't believe the difference of feeling her body and my husband's. She was the first woman ever that I touched in the way I was touching her. I finally got up the nerve to put my hand between her spread legs and when I did I was shocked and pleased at the same time. I was shocked to feel how hot and how wet she was there, and pleased at the way she acted and the way she sounded when I touched her. I ran my finger up and down her wet slit and then I sank two fingers deep into her burning wet hole and placed my thumb right on her very large feeling clit and started to finger fuck her and push and play on her clit at the same time.

Her hips started moving in time with the thrust of my fingers and I started moving my mouth from one hard nipple to the other licking and sucking them. She was moving around so much I could hardly keep hold of her, she was telling me to keep it up, that it felt so good. She put both her hands on my head and started pushing my head down, I let her

Continued on page 92

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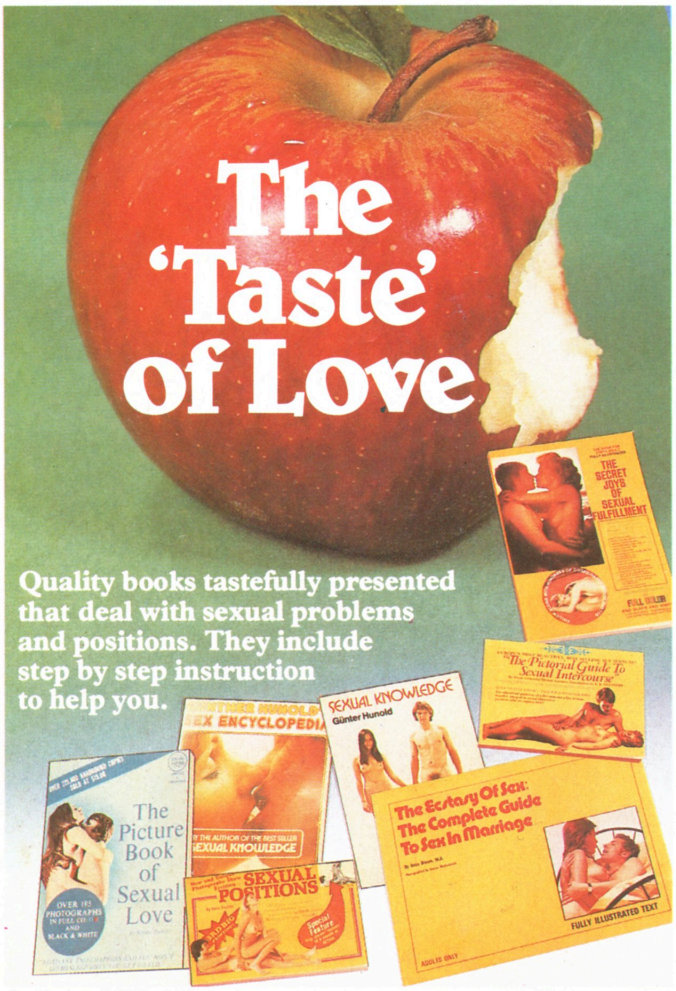

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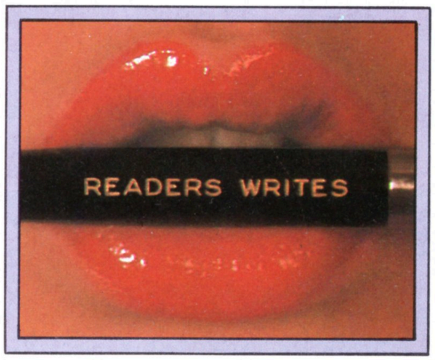


push my mouth from her nipple and I kissed her body down to her little belly button and ran my tongue around it. She didn't stop pushing and soon my mouth was on the golden brown hair of her pussy. I could smell her sex and at first I didn't know if I liked it or not. Then she said, 'Oh God Laura, eat me, eat me, please, please eat me, please don't stop now, please eat me, make me come, make me come.'

I had already made up my mind to eat her but her words made it so much more urgent. The lips of her pussy were already spread wide but I took my hands and spread them even wider. I was very surprised when I got a good look at her beautiful clit, it was very long and thick, much, much bigger than mine, it was every bit of two inches long and when I closed my mouth on it and started sucking, it was very much like sucking on a tiny little cock.

I licked and sucked on her everywhere in her crotch. I sucked her clit, the lips of her pussy in- and outside ones. I covered her hole with my mouth and pushed my tongue in and out of it like I was fucking her, I sucked on her hole and drank her sweet juice, the taste and smell and feel of her had me so excited the juice was flowing from my cunt like a wild and raging river that had no end. I went back to sucking her clit until she was humping it hard into my face and she started coming. I couldn't believe the flow of juice. I sucked from her hole as she came, and I loved it, I just loved it, I licked and sucked on the lips of her sweet pussy long after she came.

I lay there between her spread legs, with my head on her soft mound for a long time. I felt so good, so wonderful about what I had just done to Sarah. I knew without her telling me that I had satisfied her need and had done it very well. We were both nearly exhausted, but we were both very happy, and to my surprise I felt neither ashamed or guilty about it. I just felt warm, wonderful, and happy.

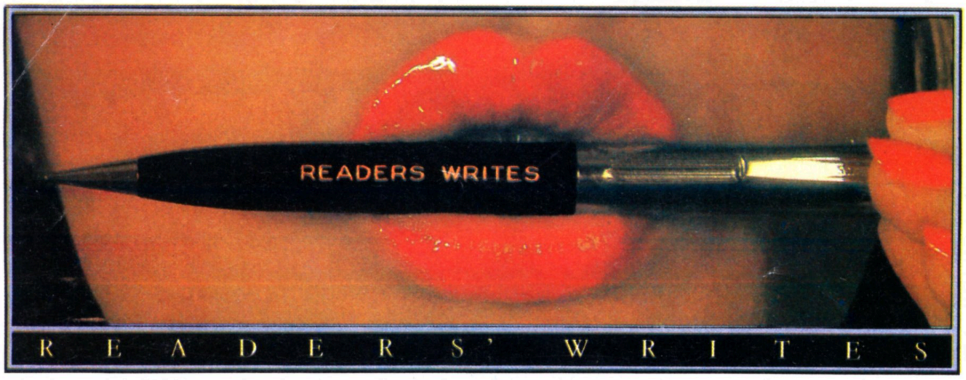
As we rested, lying there, I watched Margie and Sue go at each other in a 69. Like Sarah and I had been a few minutes ago, they were also in a world all their own and paid no attention to anything or anybody around them. Watching them I never even thought about Jeri until I felt a warm soft hand on the cheeks of my bum. I looked around and Jeri was sitting beside me, her hand rubbing and squeezing the soft flesh of my buttocks. She was watching them as she felt me and said, 'That is beautiful what they are doing, I have been thinking about what it would be like.'

She looked at me then and said, 'How did you like making it with Sarah?' I told her the truth about how I felt and that I was sorry I waited so long to do it. She said, 'I guess you know I have a thing about bums.' I told her I could tell, then she asked, 'Would you mind if I kissed the soft cheeks of yours? You have a dear little tail and I would very much love to kiss it all over.' The way I was feeling then I couldn't say no if I had wanted to, but I didn't even want to. I told her to go on and do whatever she liked and I put my head back down on Sarah's mound and continued to watch Margie and Sue.

As Sarah and I watched them I felt Jeri's soft lips start to kiss my cheeks and her warm wet tongue licking them all over, it felt fantastic. I didn't know if it felt so good because of what she was doing or because it was a woman doing it. My husband has done that to me many times, but it never felt quite the same way, I loved having my bum played with anyway and she was doing a marvellous job on me. When she moved around and got between my legs and started her tongue licking up and down my crack I forgot all about the two I was watching. I pushed myself down a little bit and slowly started to lick Sarah's pussy again. I heard her say, 'oh yes, oh yes, Laura baby do it again.' I felt Jeri put both her hands on my cheeks and pull them wide open and the next thing I felt was her fantastic tongue licking all around my tiny little cunt.

I jumped it was so unexpected and felt so good. I couldn't believe she was actually reaming out my fanny with her tongue. I have wanted that done to me for so long I was beginning to think I would never have it

'I think we ought to kick that one around for a while, Jenkins.'



done. I have just about begged my husband to do it but he would only kiss and lick the cheeks of my bum. He liked to fuck me in the cunt but he would not lick it. I loved the way she was doing me and it felt even better than I dreamed it would, she even pushed her long tongue into my pussy and that just about made me come.

I just about gobbled up Sarah's pussy as Jeri ate me out. Honest, I was biting it, licking it, sucking it and she was about to jump up and run away from me but I held her down and sucked her clit until she had another shattering long come.

When she came I felt hands on my hips and I was being turned over and the next thing I knew I was on my back, my legs spread wide apart, and Jeri's mouth was stuck to my juice flowing hole and she was sucking on it for all she was worth. I never before in my life ever felt any pleasure like I was feeling then. She licked me all over just like I had done to Sarah and then she went to work sucking and licking on my clit.

Let me tell you I jumped right out of my skull then, I was in heaven, I saw stars, heard bells, saw every colour there ever was, and I had a come that was so intense, so long, my whole body shook from head to toe and the sweat was just dripping off of me. I thought my whole pussy was exploding and would be ripped from between my legs. I know the noise and sounds that were coming out of my mouth sounded like that of a wild animal, and at that moment that is just what I was, a wild coming animal.

Jeri took her mouth off me and moved up and got on top of me and kissed me and each of my nipples, then she rolled off and just lay beside me, Sarah, Sue, and Margie joined us and we all rested together not saying a word about anything, all of us, I guess, just thinking about what had happened. Soon Sarah turned to me and put her hand on my breast and started to play with it. Her hand was soft and warm and felt very good. I noticed then that all of us were starting to move around and there was no shyness or holding back now, hands were everywhere and we all knew this was going to be a day we would always remember.

Many times I have masturbated while thinking about how it would be to join in on a real wild orgy, I have always wanted to try it and I always thought about some real wild things as I played with myself. I never thought that my very first orgy would come at 11 in the morning and with four women, it was better than I ever thought it would be and wilder than I could ever imagine. The five of us always thought we were highly sexed and very uninhibited women, now we know it for a fact because some of the things we did to each other and some of the things we wanted done to us were quite way out and very kinky. I do believe there is very little we haven't done, as far as sex goes, and nothing I know of we won't at least try.

Soon Sarah was sucking on my nipple and rubbing her hand between my spread legs and I was about to start to boil again. I just about shit when I felt another hand on my breast and a warm wet and soft mouth closed over my other nipple and start to suck on it. I opened my eyes to see it was Sue. I just said, 'Oh my God, that is wonderful!' and closed my eyes and relaxed my body and enjoyed whatever they wanted to do to me.

Her hand soon joined Sarah's between my legs and it was no time before one of them had a couple of fingers sliding in and out of my oozing hole and one had her fingers playing all over my clit and pulling on it and pinching it, and rubbing it all over, around, up, and down. I was wild then and I opened my eyes just in time to see Jeri start to squat down on my face, I got my hand up just in time to pull the already open lips of her cunt wider apart, I opened my mouth wide just as her sweet sopping cunt met my lips and I covered her hole and started sucking on it for all I was worth. She started sliding her wet pussy up and down on my mouth and soon she was rubbing it all over my face and making it all wet with her come and pussy juice. She slid herself all over my face, she even got up a little and put her bum right down on my mouth. She took her bum away from my face and replaced it with her dripping cunt and then she leaned over to where Margie had got down on her hands and knees just above my head, and Jeri started licking her tits as I sucked her pussy and by now Sarah had her head between my legs and was eating the hell out of my cunt while Sue kept on sucking my nipples.

For the next hour or so we were like that, we changed places so everyone could be in every position, all of us came a couple of times but we kept on eating each other and kept ourselves all hot and turned on, we were all acting like bitches in heat and I suppose at that time that is just what we were.

Since that meeting, just about three years ago, the five of us have been into just about everything you could think of. We play slave and master, humiliation turns all of us on, bondage and some pain, very little pain, we just tried it a couple of times, we all love 'Golden Showers', I know it's nasty but we really are very much into it. We have had our meetings and brought in a few men or young boys, we like the young boys, they will do anything we ask and will always keep quiet about it. Once we hired a guy who was supposed to be a real stud, he was, he was hung like a pony and we enjoyed him very much.

We now have 10 other members and we now range in age from 22 to 50. Before we let any of them join us we had to be sure of them and that took time, once we were sure of them each one had to eat our cunts, and they had to let us fuck them in their cunts with a special dildo we bought, it straps on and it is 10 inches long and three inches around. It is a very bright red and they must be able to take it all, they must also pass a taste test, each of us eat them and they must like or at least try, everything we do, including the golden showers.

I, for one, couldn't believe how very easy it was to find as many women as we did who all like the kind of kinky sex we enjoy.

I hope you and your readers will enjoy this letter, believe me it is a pleasure to tell you about us and to let everybody know that there are a lot of women out here that love and enjoy kinky sex as much as men do. Love to you all.

Laura H,
Sarah R,
Margie R,
Jeri B,
Sue W.

Blond Upon Blond

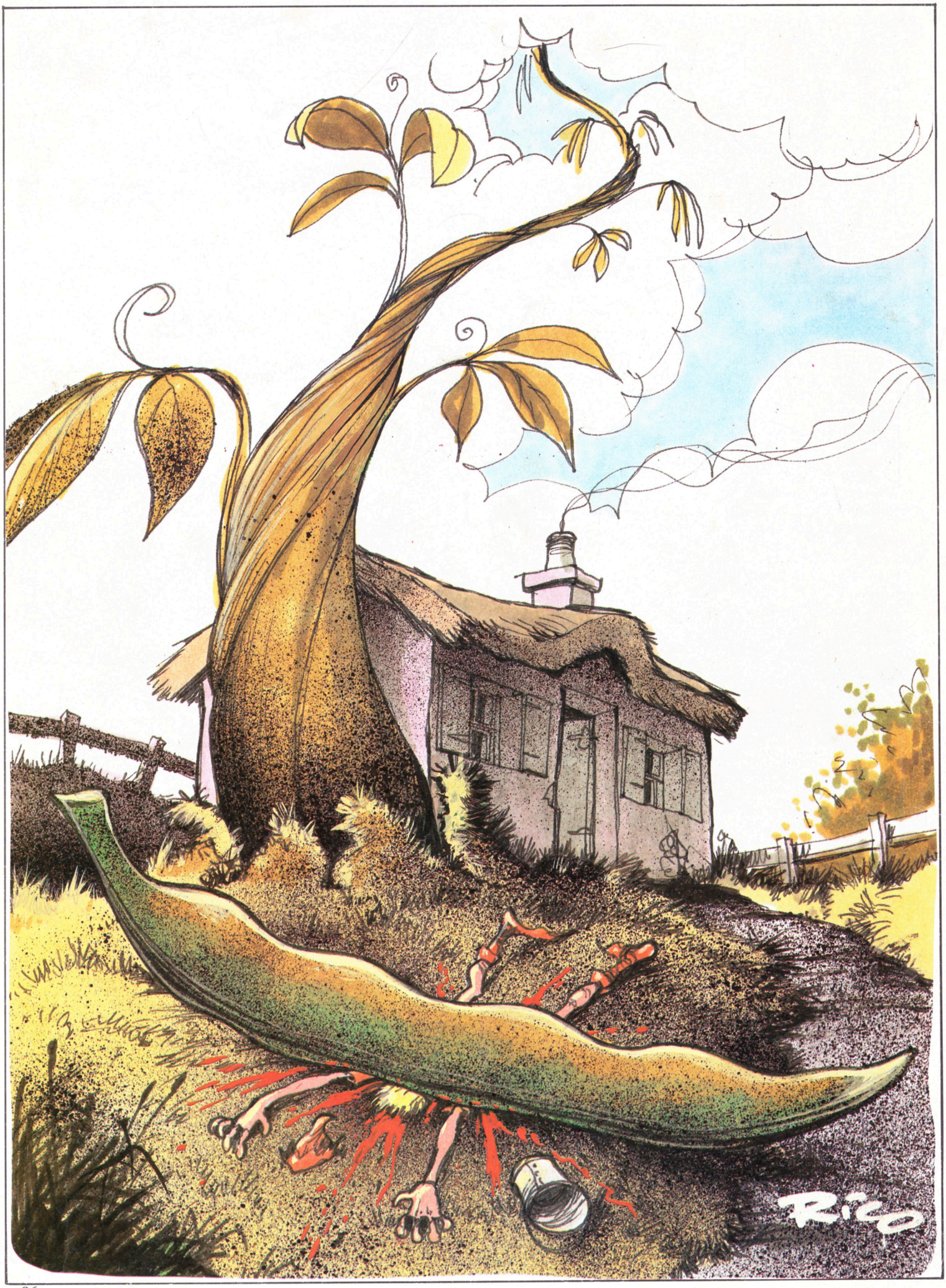
Sir: A recent letter on blond boys in *Club* must have really started something: I've always had this thing about dishy, blue-eyed, yellow-haired boys, ever since I was a young virgin of 15.

It was my eldest brother's fault; he had a projector and a blue film, and I knew how to work the thing because we had several other films, cartoons, etc, for 'respectable' viewing. One day, when the whole family was out, I chanced upon the aforementioned film, put it on, and boy, was I disgusted! There was this enormous blond guy performing sexually with a brunette and a blonde girl. His dick was something else, and his sexual performance was astounding. He was incredibly handsome, and after my initial disgust I began to enjoy it. In fact I masturbated whilst watching the brunette sucking the blond guy off.

Thereafter I played the film on innumerable occasions when my people were out, and some of my best 'wank-offs' occurred while watching this. At about this time I also had my first boyfriend. He was very, very handsome, in fact he is now one of Britain's highest paid male models. He was also as blond as they come, and we had some nice times together. I never fucked with him (I was 16 and too scared), but I used to suck his cock, like in that movie. The first suck-off I gave him, in fact, was in the back seat of the local cinema! Anyway, I lost him to another girl. The demand for him was intense, and there were always other girls waiting around the corner for him. Still, it was fun while it lasted.

However, a few years later began the nicest time in my life. We had a Danish au pair, and she had plenty of friends. I told her I fancied blond guys, and she would invite over the dishiest boys imaginable. I couldn't 'do it' with them in the house, so I used to take them to a nearby wood, to 'show them around' as I used to put it, and suck them off. Of course, they knew I fancied them, as Inga would tell them I did! It was with one of these, possibly the handsomest of all (and certainly the nicest guy), to whom I lost my cherry, in the woods. Those 18 months were absolute bliss! I reckon I had it off with at least 20 different guys, all of them very fair-haired, if not actually white! Of course, I was on the Pill. My parents would have had their worst suspicions confirmed had I produced a blue-eyed, blond baby boy – with me being dark! Unfortunately, Inga eventually went back to Denmark – which was where I decided to

'I've no time to see bleedin' salesmen . . . there's a war on!!!'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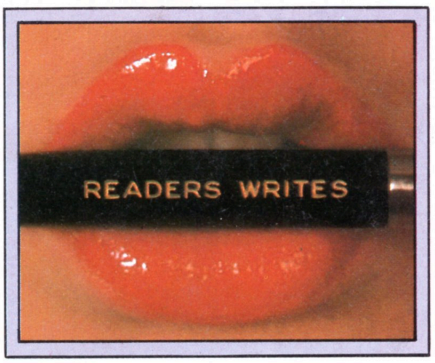

take my next holiday! I was immediately introduced to a new set of blond lovers; I lie – some of them were actually ex-lovers. Oh, how I used to spend the afternoons on Inga's bed, getting beautifully poked by some exciting stud! I even had Inga's boyfriend ... kinky it was, too, as Inga just smiled and sat there watching us have it off! I intended spending four weeks there, but ultimately I left after seven! I had a very sore pussy then – but that's the price you pay. I intend visiting Inga again soon! Thank you for publishing such a liberated magazine!
A F, London.

Teach Me
Sir: I am a regular reader of your magazine because I like women and nude photographs, and you provide both. Please, I would like to see in your next magazine the inside of the cunts in absolute clarity. Also I would like you to show more sexual positions with their technical terms. I think that will teach some people like me.
Johnny M, Las Palmas, Spain.
There's nothing like first-hand experience to learn the mysterious ways of women Johnny. As for 'the inside of cunts in absolute clarity', I thought hardcore had been legalised in Spain? Ed.

To Be Sure, To Be Sure
Sir: I recently discovered, although not suffering from premature ejaculation, a method of lasting much longer than usual, especially when with a new girl-friend. I put on a rubber condom as usual, and then a second one over that, but only to half-way down the shaft. The so-caused rim of rubber in the middle of the prick will allow intense friction to the vaginal wall, but the friction conveyed to the penis is lessened considerably. I can last forever and fuck the girl until she asks me to pull it out after complete satisfaction. The only problem is to convince the girl of these benefits the first time you try it.
B W, Cornwall.

The Case For Surnames
Sir: I'd very much like to second the proposal by one of your readers that you publish the surnames of your models. One of the problems with your publication is that you tend to portray girls as impersonal sex objects, or two-dimensional sex dolls. Indeed, some of your shots could justifiably be titled 'Cunt, Tits and Arse, With Accessories'. That's no way to treat a lady at all, because she is much more than simply a collection of stunning charms. You could say that the hole is more than the sum of the parts! For me, every single girl, worthy of the state of undress, is a warm, loving, vibrant, cuddly personality; a man-hugging, spunk-making, baby-producing sex-bomb; every one totally unique and completely different from every other girl, cloaked in the mantle of bare skin.

Now I first became hypnotised by the allure of the naked body back in the sixties, via the genius of such photographers as Harrison Marks, Bunny Yeager and Ron Vogel. In those days, the supply of undressed womanhood was chiefly maintained by a fairly small, hard core of fabulous, professional naked ladies. These were the girls, many of them now almost legendary, who earned crust and crumb by revealing themselves to the camera. Over the years the private parts of Anne Walker, June Palmer, Vicky Kennedy, Wendy Myers, Kathy Fearn and many others appeared in the girlie mags with undiminished and splendid regularity. Their pictures would be decorated with a bit of descriptive prose. You know the kind of thing:
'Meet the delectable Brenda Bareboob. Brenda's a stunning 20-year-old redhead who, until fairly recently, was working as an assistant in a camera shop. One day ace lensman Joe Bloggs walked in to buy some film. He stopped to chat Brenda up and persuaded her to unzip for a few revealing, sexy poses. The results were sensational! Brenda promptly

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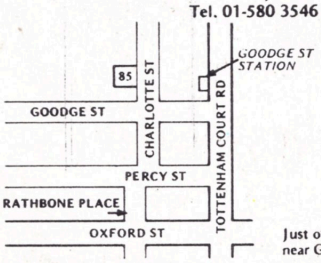

HERE WE
ARE
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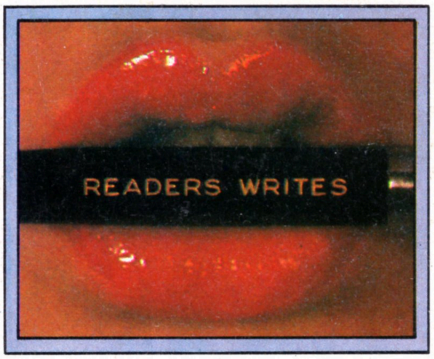
near Goodge Street Station.



switched from selling cameras to revealing all in front of the camera. What's more she's said goodbye to her native Oswaldtwistle and is now living in the smokey Metropolis, where her sexy little 38-24-36 gets her all the modelling work she can handle. We reckon you'll be seeing a lot more of Brenda in the future.'

Corny as Hell, of course, and often highly unfactual, it was nevertheless possible to extrapolate and compare write-ups, thus building up a sexy little word picture of the Brenda Bareboobs of this world. For example, I know that Anne Simpson, my favourite figure girl of the period, was born in Huddersfield in 1947. She measured 37-24-35 and stood five feet four inches. She'd been an assistant in a flower shop and had worked in an ice cream factory, before becoming a professional model at the tender age of 17. I also knew that she enjoyed badminton, tennis and swimming, and that she was an accomplished equestrienne. This last was confirmed by her appearance in a mag called *Girls Unlimited*, in a superbly poetic set of shots, riding her horse with absolutely nothing on, her beautiful pink skin glowing in the early morning sunlight.

But perhaps the best bit of information was published in *Maidenform*, in a blurb that showed her undressing and kissing a big teddy bear. Apparently it was her own father who talked her into figure modelling. Daddy, it seems, was an amateur photographer who saw the nuggets in his daughters curves and got her to undress and sit for him (while still a virgin?) before she reached her 15th birthday. Wowee! When I read that I wanked myself silly for weeks. Totally untrue, probably, but just what the punters want to hear!

These girls were as real to me as the girls I met in my social life. I felt as though I had screwed each and every one of them. And it wasn't just me who felt that way. All the leading models had their followings, and the letters pages fairly rattled with the debate and controversy over who was the most incredible nude superstar of all time. There were cliques who worshipped at the feet of Terri Martine; connoisseurs who were ready to die for Lee Southern; voyeurs who solemnly swore that they'd wanked themselves blind over Britt Hampshire; lechers who were ready to use any top model's shit for toothpaste.

I'd like to say, by the way, just how orgasmic I found the first two editions of *Model Directory*. The spunk still hasn't dried on the first copy yet, and I'd say that, at £1 for the asking price (a penny per girl!), that my spunk won't get a chance to dry on any of them. It's easily the best value for lechery today!

A note of criticism, though. Quite a number of the shots appear to have been taken from earlier editions of *Club* and *Men Only*. As I have all the back issues of both mags, I find this duplication both unnecessary and irritating. Surely you have other shots of the same girls which were never published? Alternatively, what about rooting through the files of some of the better European girlie mags? There is some fantastic stuff being published on the Continent that has never been published here. I'm not talking about hardcore, but the kind of superb shots of fabulous, undressed pulchitrude that characterises mags like *Club*.

F McC, (honestly!)
Liverpool.

The duplication in Model Directory *which you find so irritating is, in fact, fully intentional. We receive many, many letters from readers asking for re-runs, and if we were to grant every request, there wouldn't be any room left for new talent. Having said that, only five per cent of the* Model Directory *girls have been seen before.*

Surnames, as we have repeated on several occasions, are strictly out: There is no 'percentage' in it for the model at all. True, we could invent surnames, but we can't honestly envisage Club *sales figures doubling overnight as a result. Ed.*♣